NATIONAL REVIEW

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June 18, 1960

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Khrushchev's Manners—and Ours

AN EDITORIAL

The Wayne Morse Code

MORRIE RYSKIND

On Selective Indignation

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

Articles and Reviews by . . . E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. · GARRY WILLS
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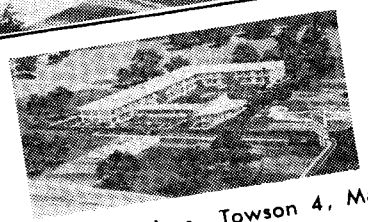

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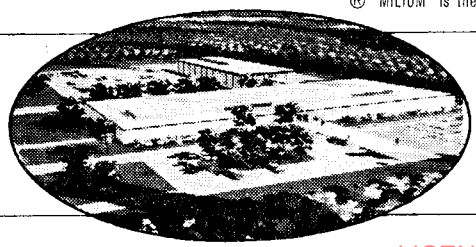

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

Jacobo Arbenz Guzman, who headed Communist government of Guatemala (and later took refuge in Russia), now reported in Cuba, believed to be training forces for invasion of Guatemala. . . . Chinese Communists publishing three papers in Havana. . . . Castro's emissaries hope Chou En-lai will accept bid to visit Cuba after K.'s trip. . . . Far Eastern diplomats predict fall of Kishi government in Japan within a week if President Eisenhower's trip is cancelled. . . . Red China building up armored units on mainland opposite Quemoy, Matsu.

East German press reported in full on Khrushchev's anti-U.S. tirades at Summit, but never mentioned his (for foreign consumption only?) threat to sign separate peace treaty with Pankow. . . . Peiping papers pleased that Khrushchev has now adopted "proper line" with U.S. imperialists. . . . Incidental victim of renewed Cold War: Syracuse, N.Y. promoter Robert Castle who was planning $350,000 publicity campaign to launch U.S. sales of Soviet Moskvich car.

Whither the collaborationists? Dr. Linus Pauling now calling Dr. Edward Teller (father of the H-bomb) one of "real enemies of civilization." . . . Dr. Edward Condon suggested to graduating class at Cornell College (not the Univ.) that a better defense against surprise attack than the U-2 ("playing with atomic fire") would be program to exchange 1,000,000 students annually with USSR. . . . At Fellowship of Reconciliation meeting, Nyack, N.Y., 400 Protestant and Jewish clergymen signed petition protesting U.S. ratification of Mutual Security Pact with Japan. . . . Most important aim of U.S. Communist Party today, says Secretary-General Gus Hall, is "increased mass activity for peace." . . . Alger Hiss (telephonically) denies published reports that he would like to buy a small town Connecticut newspaper.

Walter Winchell reports two-thirds of editorial staff of N.Y. Herald Tribune, leading Republican paper owned by Eisenhower's ambassador to London, Jock Whitney (including most of the staffers Whitney himself put in), have pledged themselves to vote for Stevenson. . . . Rep. Alvin Bentley (R. Mich.) says Gov. Williams' endorsement of Kennedy is "payment in full for protection Kennedy brothers gave Walter P. Reuther and the UAW at the Senate labor rackets committee hearings last year." . . . Goldwater's Conscience of a Conservative has made Time's non-fiction best-seller list.

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The WEEK

● Although no one would be so naive as to ask for principles in a Presidential campaign, we at least have the right to expect a little drama—particularly just now with Broadway's theaters shut down. So we are grateful to Nelson Rockefeller for breaking the deadly monotony of Mr. Nixon's soft-shoe march to his party's nomination. We even think, with Governor Rockefeller, though perhaps for not exactly the same reasons, that it might be a good idea if the Vice President *did* say something—just a little something—before as well as after the Convention. We hope, however, that he will not encapsulate what he may have to say in those Emmet Hughes-designed Madison Avenue cans that gave a tinny flavor even to some of the rather sound morsels—on armament, for example—that were served up in the course of Mr. Rockefeller's immodest proposal.

● *Izvestia* reports with pride that the special section of the State Vegetable and Berry Trading Organization, in cooperation with the Farmers' Cooperatives, has made it possible for Soviet food stores in Kirov to offer to the public for the first time—potato chips. Who says the USSR can't surpass capitalism by 1970?

● *From a logician's diary.* May 26: Poland votes in the UN Security Council for Soviet resolution condemning United States. May 28: Tito issues revised statement upholding complete Soviet position on U-2 flights and Summit breakdown. June 3: United States announces new grants of $41 million to Yugoslavia. June 6: United States announces new credits of $100 million to Poland.

● During the month since Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn wrote the article on the Belgian Congo which we publish in this issue, events have borne out his gloomier forebodings. In the recent pre-independence election, the *Mouvement National Congolais,* led by the venomous ex-jailbird, Patrice Lumumba, won a plurality and claims the right to form the first government. (In Stanleyville, Lumumba's stronghold, his followers tell European residents to have their cars and houses ready to turn over on July 1st—independence day—and they circulate a chilling aphorism: "In the past a mulatto has been the child of a black mother and white father; in the future, this will be reversed.") The somewhat more responsible Joseph Kasavubu and his Abako movement, based on Léopoldville and the lower Congo, threaten to split rather than accept a Lumumba regime. The tribes continue to slaughter each other. Liquid capital has drained away as fast as transfer regulations permit. Nearly 15 per cent of the European whites have already left in an exodus that jams both scheduled and specially chartered air flights.

● When Kansas adopted a Right-to-Work amendment in late 1958, the union bosses prophesied doom. "When Right-to-Work comes to town, wages go down!" was one favorite slogan. Industrial development in Kansas will halt, they warned. What happened? The average weekly paycheck in Kansas jumped from $85.74 to $99.29, and a record was set in the number of new industries settling in the state. Now we'll make a prophecy: these figures will never find their way into the *AFL-CIO News.*

● Do you find this puzzling? In Japan hundreds of thousands of students and trade unionists, under skilled guidance, are demonstrating and rioting in the streets to protest and if possible prevent the visit of President Eisenhower. (See James Burnham's column in this issue.) Few persons in the United States pay much attention; no one, in or out of government, has become publicly indignant. Last summer Nikita Khrushchev visited this country. There were no riots or big demonstrations before, during or after. The tiny handful of Americans who suggested some sort of mass protest, and tried to hold a few meetings or display a few unwelcoming stickers, were either ignored or condemned as unrepresentative extremists.

● Shook-up would be the only way to describe the cap-and-gowned audience at the commencement exercises of Columbia University's Teachers College last week. And the shaker-up was none other than Teachers College's new dean, Dr. John H. Fischer, making his first major policy speech since his investiture. Educating the whole child is nonsense, Dr. Fischer told his John Dewey-indoctrinated flock in the birthplace of progressive education, "a condition not acceptable to school people or anyone else." And he went on to charge the teaching profession with dereliction in having abdicated its responsibility for "instructing children in the cultural heritage and developing their intellectual competence." Where could the NEA have been when Teachers College latched on to John Fischer?

● The official 285-page report on Kenya's horrible Mau Mau uprising prepared by Frank Corfield, former provincial governor in the Sudan, after two and a half years research, has just been released in London. It confirms the fact that Jomo Kenyatta, just elected by Tom Mboya and his associates as head of their new party, was the Mau Mau's principal

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leader. It also analyzes the way in which Kenyatta and the Mau Mau movement were aided "by the support he attracted from the Left wing of the radical movement in the United Kingdom." Citing several Labor Party M.P.'s specifically by name (*e.g.*, Fenner Brockway, Lord Strabolgi), the report shows how the "prestige of Kenyatta and his followers was, of course, greatly strengthened in the eyes of the Kikuyu and other tribes by apparently close association with British politicians." This is one of the few documents that has dared to risk political reprisals by exposing this "covering" role of the Left which is standard operating procedure in most of the bloody terrors of our age. In its dispatch on the Corfield report, the *New York Times* did not find anything about this topic fit to print.

● *Comment on Contemporary Mores:* Most of the 30,000 plain bookcovers sold in Canada last year were bought by shopgirls to conceal the fact they were reading *Lady Chatterley's Lover* to and from work: the rest, by individuals embarrassed at being caught reading books on religion.

● Observers at the Second Atlantic Conference of Young Political Leaders (from the 15 NATO countries), held in Washington over the long Memorial Day weekend, report an encouraging atmosphere of Western resistance to both the seductions and the threats of Communism. More than 100 delegates, including 70 from Europe, all under 40 but in many cases already members of their national legislatures, assembled under the auspices of the Atlantic Treaty Association to exchange views and reaffirm the West's determination to remain united, strong and free. From left to right across the non-Communist political spectrum, the European and Canadian delegates showed sober recognition of the Soviet menace, ungrudging readiness to share the burdens of mutual defense, and a surprising reluctance to needle the Americans over such awkward episodes as the U-2 aftermath. "All I hope," one European told an American delegate, "is that you've started the flights again."

● Mr. Herbert Hoover, as Honorary Chairman, has announced the formation of the Alfred Kohlberg Memorial Fund with Mr. George E. Sokolsky as chairman, General George E. Armstrong and Professor Karl Wittfogel as vice-chairmen, ". . . to carry on some of Alfred Kohlberg's work and to keep his memory and spirit alive as a symbol of encouragement and guidance for those that follow." Contributions (tax deductible) will be used for health projects in Free China and a medical exchange program between Free China and the United States. The address is 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

Mr. K's Manners—and Ours

It is *not* wise to shrug a shoulder and say, oh well, Khrushchev is off on one of those bellicose tantrums, and there is nothing much to do about it but wait till he gets over it. Last week Khrushchev called the President of the United States an imbecile, and said of the man who will very likely be the next President of the United States, that "demagoguery, adventurism and madness have never been so completely represented in one man as in Richard Nixon." Chancellor Adenauer is "a lunatic," who should be "taken away by guards" to a sanatorium.

The President's response has been characteristically irenic. A few others, in his behalf, have given the American people a little emotional satisfaction: Senator Keating volunteered the insight that "Khrushchev is the King Kong of international politics," the editorial writers have dutifully reproached Mr. Khrushchev on his extravagances—and: the essential relationships remain unchanged. For we are all supposed to be quite accustomed to the debauching of norms, diplomatic, political, philosophical, a precondition of Life With The Soviet Union.

We read recently that in his memoirs Colonel Rudolph Hoess, the brute-extraordinary who commanded the concentration camp at Auschwitz, wrote quite calmly about the atrocities he oversaw; so easy is it, apparently, to get caught up in his singsong that before long it becomes almost necessary to remind oneself, every time one turns the page, that gas ovens are *not* for Jews to burn in. By the same token, one needs to remind oneself daily that the President of the United States is *not* for Khrushchev to abuse—in terms more vulgar, more wrenching, more debasing than any used throughout history between heads of state. But we cease to remind ourselves of this, and thereby we ourselves contribute to the evanescence of the norms. The results are evident. It is inconceivable, but for the license we have given Soviet leaders to set an example, that a swaggering Cuban caudillo should resort to the rhetoric of total abuse which Castro has been directing at our great country and its magistrates.

NATIONAL REVIEW gave warning last September, when, caught up in sentimentalisms of Liberal diplomacy, the President invited Khrushchev to this country. We warned that it would be difficult in the months to come, when Khrushchev raised his mask again to show his native face, as it was inevitable that he should, to re-evoke a proper civilized response to such a man. Having once, knowing what we did about him, regaled him all over the land, we could not ever again recapture the innocence with which, for so many years, we affirmed implicitly our judgment on the leader of the Communist world: Unfit to be a guest in America.

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Now we are at a loss to find a vocabulary suitable to express our resentment at Cuba's inviting Khrushchev for a state visit. If the United States can do it, as opponent of the Soviet Union, why not Cuba, as a friend? That is the logic of the Cuban man in the street, and it is not easy for us to cope with it. We have, in a word, by dropping the norms in the cause of coexistence, cast ourselves out to sea without a lifeline. We are publicly committed to the notions a) that Khrushchev wants peace; b) that bargaining with Khrushchev is defensible, even imperative diplomacy; c) that Khrushchev should get out of his Kremlin and visit the nations of the world, as a mellowing experience; d) that Khrushchev's desire to disarm is, notwithstanding the routine rodomontade, quite serious, and that therefore our meetings in Geneva and in the United Nations are profitable. . . . And then, within the space of two weeks, it becomes a) necessary for the President of the United States to call Khrushchev a liar, as Mr. Eisenhower did in denying he had at Camp David expressed concern at the prospect of a united Germany; b) evident by the turn-about at Geneva that twenty months of painful negotiation were absolutely without meaning; and c) necessary to stand by impotently while Khrushchev makes plans to visit his new little colony in the Caribbean.

But, thank God, the norms are still there, if we will only search them out, and be brave enough to confess that our failure to observe them was aberrational; and that we have learned our lesson. As evidence of our new realism, we should answer this latest onslaught of degrading and deliberately insulting barbarism by a) recalling our ambassadors from the slave states; b) suspending diplomatic relationships and all current negotiations with the enemy; c) ending the program of cultural exchange; d) halting the trade expansion program; and e) announcing, looking south, that the United States will impose an immediate diplomatic and economic boycott on any country in this hemisphere that permits Khrushchev to set foot on its soil.

We're All Right, Jack

Well, the rush is on. The mice are tumbling off the good ship *Adlai,* and grabbing for a hold on the scuppers of the wind-swollen Massachusetts clipper. A couple of watches ago the commanding officers of egghead detachment #1 sounded the clarion call: *All Hands, Desert!* Professors Henry Steele Commager of Amherst, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and John K. Galbraith of Harvard, backed to the last whimper by Mr. Joseph L. Rauh Jr., commodore of Americans for Democratic Action, sniffed the change in the prevailing winds blowing toward the seats of power. Using Louis Lyons, Harvard's Nieman fellowship curator, as loudspeaker, Admiral Schlesinger spoke the word for staff and crew:

"I have always believed and continue to believe Adlai Stevenson is uniquely qualified among men of our age for the Presidency." *Uniquely:* that means a whole class or category above anyone else. So, naturally, we men of the academy, guardians of the cultural heritage, support him to the end? If that's the kind of deduction you draw, you'll never be able to reason like a Liberal professor. "However," note, "he [Adlai, that is] is not a candidate." Hmmm. Or, if you need a translation: It looks to us as if Stevenson is on the skids, and we're not the ones to put our money on a loser.

So: We're all right, Jack, as they say these days in England. "Senator Kennedy is a man of first class intelligence"—a Harvard man, now that you mention it—"and strong liberal convictions. . . . Accordingly, I am supporting him for the Democratic nomination."

And it does look like Kennedy at Los Angeles next month. But wouldn't it be fun if Lyndon Johnson, moving in from behind, trying to manage that political coalition between South and West that has lurked since the war just below the nation's political surface, and standing up like a Texan and a man to defend his nation's honor as his party rivals crawled to Khrushchev's tune—wouldn't it be fun if Senator Johnson fooled the wise men of the northeast?

The Law and the Eichmann Case

We raised a fortnight ago a number of questions relating to the abduction and arraignment of the mass butcher of human beings, Adolf Eichmann, by the State of Israel, which has announced his forthcoming trial for crimes against the Jewish people. Since then a number of efforts have been made—we dismiss them as factitious—to defend on orthodox legal grounds the bizarre handling of this moral madman. These have seemed to us personalized and unsuccessful attempts to justify *ad hominem* bills of attainder against an individual for whom we have no pity, any more than for Joseph Goebbels, or Nikita Khrushchev.

There is room in a world of legal technification for transcendent wrath; but the forms are important, and let him deny that truth who devotes his life to the niceties of due process, as so many of our Liberal leaders—to their credit—continue to do! The point about Eichmann is that he is a beast, and beasts are, on occasion, best treated bestially. We should not devote a stick of type to abominating Eichmann's assassination—we should look the other way. What is now being done, however, is pernicious. It is an attempt to manipulate a series of *ex post facto* laws

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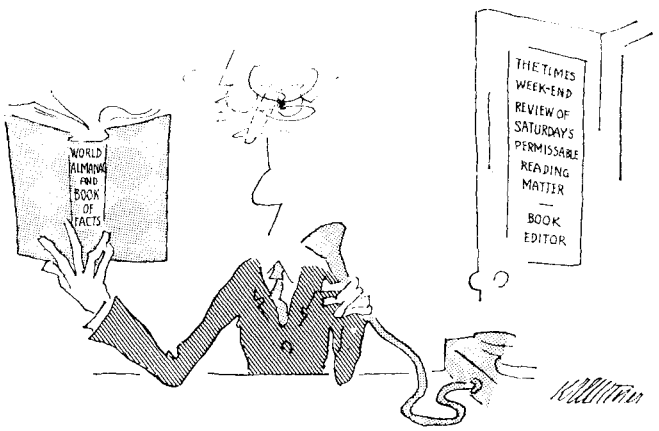
designed, in the name of a mythical legal entity (the Jewish People), to give assassination a juridical rationale. Let the Israelis hoist Eichmann upon a lamppost, and hang upon his neck the legend: Behold the Solution to Those Who Would Solve the Jewish Problem! But to rewrite the laws of objective justice, to excuse an international apparatus of vengeance by improvisations on international law, is an ill-suited memorial to the Jews whose obdurate adherence to ancient laws made them so objectionable to the Nazi Reich.

Racial extermination is wrong—or, to use a term more satisfying emotionally, despicable. So are other forms of slaughter by arbitrary classification. Should we sanction an effort by Pope John to abduct, bring to trial within the Vatican boundaries, and execute La Pasionaria for systematically torturing and killing members of the Catholic clergy in Spain? Should we activate a secret dragnet to seize accomplices in the corporate purges of Christians, and democrats, and Trotskyites, and other generic opponents of those who came to power in Russia, or China, or Yugoslavia? The moment has come for those of conservative instinct to say: Do not, in the heat of passion, honor Adolf Eichmann by permitting him to become, through the response to his corruption, an instrument for corrupting the guardian processes of the law.

What Makes Business Sluggish?

On June 2 the Federal Reserve governors authorized a reduction of the discount rate from 4 per cent to 3½ per cent by its Philadelphia and San Francisco member banks. It thereby confirmed what everybody knows, that business in the first half of 1960 has not been at the "Soaring Sixties" pace that was prophesied in the economic forecasters' New Year cups. The "Fed," in this action, lagged six months behind the stock market, which has been chivvied by the bears ever since January. And at least one bearish market letter-writer—Eliot Janeway—says the Fed won't quickly catch up with things merely by juggling the bank rate.

The logic of the gloomy prognosticators is based on close figuring of the forces that feed the rate of steel production, which is still the most basic thing in the economy. In December of 1959, with the steel strike settled at last, most of the prophets looked forward to a boom in the steel towns. Steel users would be rushing to replenish their inventories before the big steel companies, responding to the supposedly inflationary impact of the new union contract, had raised their prices. But it didn't happen that way. With a shrewd eye to the future, the steel users looked at competitive world prices and decided



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U.S. steelmakers would think twice before raising prices. And so the forward buying of raw steel never materialized in any significant way.

Another factor, not sufficiently noted, is that IBM machines give modern business a most sensitive means of inventory control.

At the moment, steel production lags below 65 per cent of capacity, despite a fairly even-keeled automobile market which seems fated to stick close to the replacement rate of 6.2 million (American-made) cars a year. Undoubtedly the steel rate will jump in the early autumn when Detroit is placing orders for sheet for the 1961 models. But compact cars take less metal than the long, sleek forward-lookers of yesteryear, and the jump in Detroit's steel buying won't be quite as ponderable as of old.

In any case, an automotive lift to steel production is never enough by itself to push the steel rate to the heights. Other steel uses must feed the current. Are such uses in sight? Might not the needed push come from the construction industry? The housing starts, while good, are not phenomenal, and "for sale" signs bloom all over the lot—or lots. Will a significant push come from capital investment? According to the *Wall Street Journal*, American industry will spend for new plant at a slightly higher rate in the second half of 1960—but the small increment won't lift the steel rate very much. There remains the prospect that Congress will vote increased appropriations to meet the exigencies of the revived Cold War. But contemporary military spending is "a lot for a little"—it goes, these days for brains, electronics and strange fuels, not for battleships and tanks.

What keeps the American economic system from taking off on a long period of sustained growth is its cost structure, which cannot be reduced as long as congressmen continue to regard business as something to be milked for their constituents. Where other

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On Selective Indignation

The nature of "selective indignation," a phrase which first appeared in a letter of mine to the *New Statesman,* may be illustrated by an episode when I was lecturing at an American University. A member of the faculty, after describing how a colleague had been forced to resign as a result of what he called "witch hunting," asked me for my reactions.

"Were you by any chance," I asked, "working for your government in Germany after the war?" "I was." "And would you agree with a remark made to me by a high legal authority in your army that the de-Nazification Trials were a classic example of witch hunting?" After a pause the Professor, who had put the question, said, "Yes, I'm afraid I would." "Did you then on your return to America start a campaign against this kind of witch hunting?" Well, no, he hadn't. Like other progressives he had no objection to witch hunting provided that the witch wasn't a Communist sympathizer.

Reply to Mrs. Castle

A few months ago Mrs. Barbara Anne Castle, a prominent Socialist M.P., wrote a letter to the *Times* urging that all evidence which would facilitate the efforts, which she seemed to think half-hearted, of the German Government to eliminate ex-Nazis should be placed at the disposal of that Government by the British and Americans. In a letter to the *Times* I reminded her that when the American Government was trying to get rid of Communists it was denounced for witch hunting by Mrs. Castle's associates. I then quoted a conversation in Madrid with the Foreign Secretary, Señor Artajo, who had invited me to lunch in 1946. "You are a conservative," he said, "and you concern yourself with the fate of Spanish Socialists in prison. You are a Catholic and are worried about the position of Spanish Protestants. During the Spanish Civil War many Liberal English Protestant clergy visited Madrid but none of them so far as we know made any protests about the persecution of Catholics at a time when priests and nuns were being butchered. Many Socialists visited Madrid without doing anything to check the liquidation of anybody who could be described as a conservative."

The reason why the protests of Liberals and Socialists against persecution carry so little weight is that the world knows that they are not disturbed by persecution as such but only by the persecution of their own pet protégés. The selective indignation which is only provoked when those of one's own race, religion, or political party are in trouble is curiously unimpressive.

Mrs. Castle, nettled at being accused of selective indignation, replied indignantly that the Labor Party is putting in a protest to the UN against the execution of Hungarian boys involved in the tragic revolt, who became legally liable for execution on reaching the age of eighteen. It is reassuring to learn that Socialist indignation ceases to be selective when boys are kept in prison until they are old enough to hang. But pray note that the Labor Party, while clamoring for an economic boycott of South Africa, contents itself with forwarding an academic resolution to the UN.

Apartheid vs. Genocide

Today the tragic consequences of *apartheid* provide the newspapers with headlines. Crowds demonstrate in Trafalgar Square and picket South Africa House. And the Rev. David Sheppard, a famous sportsman, refuses to play cricket against the South African team which will shortly arrive in England.

Millions have been liquidated in Communist countries. A saintly American bishop joins many other bishops and priests in some jail. In other Communist countries bishops are being tried and arrested. Children are kept alive in Hungary till they can be hanged. No Socialist suggests a trade boycott of Hungary. Mr. Sheppard, who urges other cricketers to follow his example, does not urge athletes to refuse to compete against Russians, Hungarians and Chinese in this summer's Olympic Games. When tackled on this point, Socialists reply that they have a very special responsibility for South Africa because it is a member of the British Commonwealth. Since when have those whose national anthem is the *Internationale* been so sensitive about national frontiers? Are not Socialists notorious for their efforts to stir up trouble in other countries? What about the International Brigade in Spain? Did Socialists object to active intervention in Spain on the ground that Spain did not belong to the British Commonwealth?

I once defined a Liberal as a man who objects to the persecution of conservatives. What we need today are people who will protest against persecution irrespective of who is being persecuted. I am always glad to remember that I broke off relations with the Nazis in skiing partly because of their persecution of Jews. I wish there were more Jews in high official positions who were as active in protesting against the persecution of Catholics as all Catholic bishops have been in protesting against anti-Semitism.

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

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nations give their industries a tax break every time an investment is made in an improved machine tool, we follow depreciation policies that encourage the long-continued use of obsolescent equipment. Thus the benefits of technological progress pass to West Germany, to England, France, Japan, and in some measure to our Soviet enemy. And in place of exporting their products from America, U.S. companies build more and more branch factories abroad.

The second half of 1960 will, according to the indices, be no worse than the first half of the year, when it was good enough to keep upwards of 65 million people employed. This is triumph of a sort. But the affluent society limps along with a touch of austerity. The extra baby means there can be no extra downstairs bathroom, no extra television set, no new car to replace the 1955 buggy. Not until taxes drop. Not until more sensible depreciation allowances start American industries off on a mass program of bringing their factories technologically up to date.

Crazy, Mixed-up Strike, Man

All the general public knows or cares about is that the marquees are dark, darker than ever they were even during the wartime "brownout." There are no shows, no theater crowds, no last-minute dash across town by taxi, no hush in conversation as the lights go low and the curtains part, no evocation of laughter and tears, no two and a half hours in which a handful of people on a lighted stage can make magic: if they have it in them and the play is right.

The boards have been bare this past week—and may be for many weeks to come—as the result of a strike which makes no sense. Equity (the actors) is trying to impose on the League (the New York producers) the kind of contract that David McDonald gets from U.S. Steel, or Walter Reuther from General Motors. The talk is of pension plans, graduated minimum wages, seniority, per diem on the road, for all the world as if the producers had an industrial enterprise which could count on X million dollars profit from a sure-fire product. In actual fact, they are in the chanciest of chancy businesses, which can keep going only because the moon-struck angels make up the losses. Four out of five Broadway shows flopped this season—and a Broadway flop generally means a return of exactly nothing on the dollar. Equity offers figures to show how poorly paid the average Broadway actor is, and how few find regular employment (of the 12,000 Equity members, only 731 were working when the strike was called). The producers counter that they lost over six million dollars last year. Both sides appeal to the public. But the public isn't interested in the economic rights and wrongs of the case.

The public knows what Equity seems to have forgotten, that the stage is romance, adventure, glamor, excitement, uncertainty: a world of ups and downs, of mountain peaks and bottomless chasms. The public knows that the high school Juliets and Calibans who head for New York, get daytime jobs and attend dancing, singing and acting schools by night, have not come for a guaranteed annual wage, pension plans and Blue Cross, but to grasp the Milky Way, dance on stars—and show the folks back home.

And many of the actors themselves, though prudence keeps them from public acknowledgment, feel that their own tattered banner, which bears the brave inscription, *The Show Must Go On*, has been, somehow, dishonored. They're afraid to say it, but many feel, as one veteran trouper put it to us the other night, that "strikes are not for actors."

The Testament of W. T. Evejue

There resides in Wisconsin an old warrior who, in the late fall of his life, has allowed his mind to wander nostalgically, for it is not necessary, now that the enemy is routed, to maintain that reverberating vigilance that kept him on the firing line, at one point, for seven years at a stretch. So it has been his habit to sit back, and not to think very much—and never to laugh, for the times are too serious for levity. His recreation is in telling his children about those great battles he fought, and reminding them that they must always look out for the children of his enemy, that here and there, in some great forest, way off in New York maybe, or in Washington, the enemy lingers, and who knows what he will do next? Little did he know that he would soon be seeing the white of the enemy's eyes. . . .

The old gentleman lives on his castellated redoubt, which is called the *Madison Capital-Times*, a newspaper dedicated to reminding the children who read it that a) Senator McCarthy is dead; but b) that once upon a time he was alive, a dialectic which generates the *Weltanschauung* of its elderly editor-warrior, Mr. William T. Evejue.

A couple of months ago, a group of students at the University of Wisconsin invited Mr. M. Stanton Evans, a young man in his twenties, to lecture to them on "Senator McCarthy and History." Mr. Evans, assistant editorial writer for the *Indianapolis News* and a contributor to this magazine, did so; and the students were much excited to learn about the discrepancy between history and legend, a cognition of which is a part of the educational experience, though not, in the case of this particular discrepancy, a part of the educational experience of the typical American college.

Their excitement, like the call of a faraway war-

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rior's horn, wafted over toward the fortress where Mr. Evejue sat dreaming. It reached his ears and like a thunderbolt he shot up from his chair, casting aside his cane and wheelchair, and rushing forward to the fray. The next morning black headlines announced the invasion of Mr. Evejue's territory by an "OBSCURE MCCARTHYITE" from out of state, and a dozen old paragraphs of abuse were pulled out of the bank and run off, with here and there a heated *appoggiatura* designed especially for the occasion by the wakened giant. Evans fought back—with a cool, cogent, devastating letter; and Mr. Evejue now knows that the enemy is not dead, but only sleepeth. He has called for a 24-hour watch over student activities on campus.

Surveying the developments with considerable glee, the Conservative Students Club of the University of Wisconsin has resolved to set up a William T. Evejue Memorial Series. Every year they will invite somebody to campus to speak on Senator McCarthy and wage the long war of historical rectification. Endlessly—year after year—and after a while it will come to be known simply as the "Evejue-McCarthy series"; and in the course of time, it will be assumed by the students of the University that that fine old gentleman, William T. Evejue, longtime editor of the *Madison Capital-Times,* was the generous spirit who contributed to posthumous appreciation of the patriotic work done during the 1950's by Senator Joseph Raymond McCarthy.

Notes and Asides

NATIONAL REVIEW takes considerable pride in announcing the addition of several Contributors to the staff. Colm Brogan, the English journalist, is a superb writer, a learned and witty man . . . Joan Didion is a young woman with a formidable pen, an associate editor of *Vogue* . . . M. Stanton Evans is an editorial writer for the *Indianapolis Star,* at 25 already a veteran conservative . . . Henry Hazlitt, who is preparing a new book for fall publication (on inflation), is author of many books, most recently *The Failure of the "New Economics,"* and a columnist for *Newsweek.* He was formerly an editor of the *Freeman,* and chief editorial writer and business analyst for the *New York Times*—back before the Triumph of the New Economics.

James Jackson Kilpatrick is the editor of the *Richmond News Leader,* an author (*The Sovereign States*), essayist, and *éminence grise* to some of the South's best thinkers . . . Sir Arnold Lunn has written over thirty books, on all kinds of subjects. He has debated Christianity with Monsignor Ronald Knox, collaborated with Bertrand Russell, mountaineered all over the world, invented the slalom. A convert to Christianity, he now lives in Murren, Switzerland. He contributes "On Selective Indignation" to this issue . . . . Prof. Thomas Molnar teaches French at Brooklyn University. He is a Hungarian by birth, a prisoner of the Nazis at both Dachau and Buchenwald . . . William Rickenbacker is a man of affairs (stockbroker), a gifted and spirited writer, nearing the mid-thirties . . . Ralph de Toledano is too well known to introduce. He is, finally, free to join our masthead, having left *Newsweek.*

In This Issue . . .

. . . we feature the fifth in our series of profiles of Presidential candidates. But this week we give John Chamberlain a breather, and publish a description of the impact upon MORRIE RYSKIND of the brief candidacy of Senator Wayne L. Morse, R.I.P. We dare say Mr. Ryskind's lawn will become a national shrine for the celebrations he has scheduled henceforward, every May 3, Day of Deliverance . . . Next week JOHN CHAMBERLAIN will publish the sixth and final profile in the series, on Senator Lyndon Johnson, the ranging Texan. The response to the series, by the way, has been tremendous. The Humphrey and Stevenson profiles are, by common consent, classics of their kind . . . ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN writes informatively about the smoking Belgian Congo which he visited earlier this year . . . BRENT BOZELL discusses the potential political consequences of a hefty first-ballot vote for Senator Goldwater in Chicago . . . JAMES BURNHAM explains the mechanism of the world-wide rash of riots . . . JOHN CHAMBERLAIN discusses the lofty, and boring, series on a National Purpose being sponsored by *Life* and the *New York Times* . . . And WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. goes back once again (for the last time, he promises) to that cornucopia—the recent Harvard poll on the religious and political attitudes of the student body.

FINIS FARR reviews the new book of James Wechsler, *Reflections of an Angry Middle-Aged Editor.* In wondering whether "these *Reflections* contain a single fresh idea in 239 pages," Mr. Farr agrees with the reviewer for the *New Yorker,* who found the book so boring he could hardly get through his 75-word review of it! (The *New Yorker* is wrong, by the way: Mr. Wechsler is not inarticulate. He's other things.) . . . Professor J. FRED RIPPY, historian and Latin American expert, discusses the wild new proposals of Mr. Paul Hoffman . . . GARRY WILLS reviews *Bernanos, His Political Thought and Prophecy,* by Professor Thomas Molnar, who this week joins our board of contributors . . . And PRISCILLA BUCKLEY reviews three Broadway plays, a Stakhanovite performance which is surely the week's supreme supererogation, now that all the Broadway theaters have closed.

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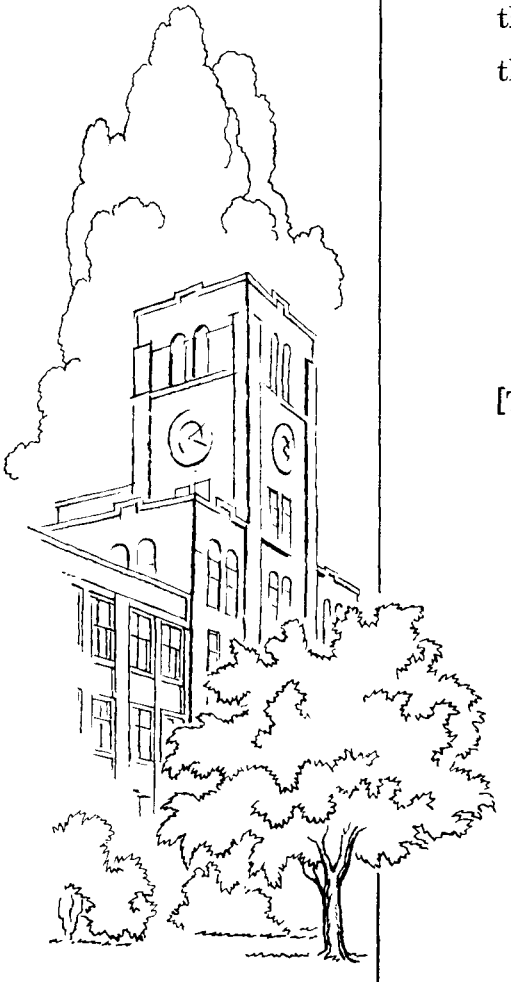
I HAVE little interest in streamlining government or making it more efficient, for I mean to reduce its size. I do not undertake to promote welfare, for I propose to extend freedom. My aim is not to pass laws, but to repeal them. It is not to inaugurate new programs, but to cancel old ones that do violence to the Constitution, or that have failed in their purpose, or that impose on the people an unwarranted financial burden. And if I should later be attacked for neglecting my constituents' "interests," I shall reply that I was informed their main interest is liberty and that in that cause I am doing the best I can.

—*The doctrine of an ideal Presidential candidate, as set forth by Republican Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona in his new book, "The Conscience of a Conservative."*

[The above quotation appeared in Newsweek, April 18, 1960.]



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National Trends

Goldwater on the First Ballot

L. BRENT BOZELL

It is not likely there will be a second ballot. The Republicans will nominate Richard Nixon for President, it seems safe to say, before the first rollcall is over. So the question becomes, Is there anything useful conservatives can do, or try to get done, on the first ballot?

Some think not. Since Nixon has it all wrapped up, they say, the only thing to do is to get into line—or, depending on the view, to pull out of the game altogether. There is another view, however, which holds that a spirited conservative affirmation on the first ballot, though only a gesture, would be a meaningful political act. Those who take this view include Convention delegates from South Carolina (13) and Arizona (14) who are pledged to Senator Goldwater. Several dozen delegates from other states may eventually join them. The view makes sense for a number of reasons—most of them symbolical, but some of them practical.

1. *Conservatives' most urgent task this election year—and there is no second job that remotely approaches it in importance—is to make sure their ideological position is preserved as a recognizable political alternative.* This does not mean the position must be adopted by the electorate, for that appears quite impossible. Or even that it be endorsed by a major party Presidential candidate—this, too, seems out of reach. It does mean, however, that the position remain out in public view. And that requires, concretely, two things: a) a serious political party, or a sizable faction of one, that is publicly understood to espouse the position and to be actively engaged in trying to widen its influence, and b) a spokesman for the position of national standing and influence. It is not enough, that is to say, for conservatism to be preserved in the ivory towers. For once it has been driven off the field of competitive politics, it will take many years to bring it back into active contention.

While Nixon is closer to the conservative position than, say, Stevenson, he is clearly not the spokesman the situation requires. The Vice President's views on federal aid to education, federal health, the criteria for foreign aid, states' rights, the Connally Amendment, U.S.-Soviet "exchanges" and many other issues qualify him, essentially, as a trimmer; and, therefore, from the conservative point of view, as a lesser of two evils.

Not so with Barry Goldwater. Though one may disagree with him here and there, Senator Goldwater is a different kettle of fish from Nixon. He is a principled conservative and gives every promise of remaining one down to the end of his political career. Goldwater, moreover, has now achieved national prominence. He is one of the Republican Party's national leaders by virtue of his chairmanship of its Senate campaign committee. And he is one of the five or six political figures in the country—Stevenson, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon and Rockefeller would be the others—with a recognized personal following. In his recent book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, he has asserted the main points of the conservative position on both domestic and foreign matters with a decisiveness and courage absolutely unique in contemporary national politics.

Under these circumstances there is no better way for Republicans to serve the conservative cause than to give Senator Goldwater their complimentary votes on the first ballot. The fifty or a hundred stout souls who might do so could not seriously disturb the official arrangements for the Vice President's nomination—they would probably join, at the end of the rollcall, in nominating him by acclamation. Yet by their initial vote for Senator Goldwater, they would have served notice on the political world that conservatism is still in business.

2. Senator Goldwater, himself, has refused to discourage Presidential or Vice Presidential efforts on his behalf on the theory that such activity might have the salutary effect of diverting the Vice President from his leftward course. Nixon, the Senator reasons, can be pushed Right if he is taught that he stands to lose more from the defection of his traditional conservative support than he ever might hope to gain by making himself more palatable to the Left. Whether Goldwater is correct is hard to say. The one way to find out is for several score delegates at Chicago to hand Mr. Nixon such a right-wing warning. He might listen, and if he did, the 1960 campaign would be fought on a political battlefield located somewhat to the Right of the one now in prospect.

3. A first ballot move for Goldwater-for-President would have the side effect of promoting his candidacy for Vice President. In the writer's view, Goldwater would be ill-advised to take second place on the ticket—he is more valuable, and can be more independent, where he is. Others, however, would consider the nomination a step forward.

4. More important, a serious Goldwater movement in the 1960 Convention—however small—would establish the Senator as a logical Presidential contender the next time around. The way things look now, should Nixon be nominated and then lose the election, Nelson Rockefeller would have the inside track for the GOP nomination in 1964. But should Goldwater show strength at Chicago, the chances are good that four years from now the Arizonan would be able to offer a serious challenge to Rockefeller.

5. There are, moreover, some sheerly political things to be said for a responsible Goldwater demonstration. The worst thing that could happen to Republicans in Chicago would be for nothing to happen. If the nomination routine is to be a cut-and-dried affair, interrupted only by a ghoulish, Madison Avenue-directed "Eisenhower Day," it would be better for party morale not to have a convention. A small but spirited contest, an element of spontaneity at the Convention, would do the Republican Party a world of good.

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May 3: Day of Deliverance

Solomon might find it difficult to choose between two threatened disasters: all-out war, or Wayne Lyman Morse as President. Mr. Ryskind has no such trouble.

MORRIE RYSKIND

May 3 may be just another day to you, but in my household it will henceforth be celebrated with patriotic fervor and religious devotion as a combination Fourth of July, Bastille Day, Christmas, Passover and New Year's. The welcome mat will be in front of the door, and no true believer will be turned away. There will be hymns of thanksgiving, the American Flag will fly proudly on the lawn, a name band will provide music for dancing in the garden, champagne will flow freely, luscious and exotic viands will be served and, at night, provided I can arrange for a permit (and the Beverly Hills Chief of Police is a good friend of mine), there will be a spectacular display of fireworks and a twenty-one-gun salute. In addition, if there is sufficient public demand, I shall make an important speech on the historical significance of the day. R. S. V. P.

If the reason for this promised Hollywood orgy escapes you, let me give you the background. In January, shortly after Wayne Lyman Morse threw his hat into the ring for the Democratic nomination, NATIONAL REVIEW asked me to follow his campaign and write a preconvention summary of it: and I accepted the assignment with a sort of horrified fascination. For there were, as I saw it, two terrifying possibilities confronting us—both, God be praised, remote, but in this frightening world we must be prepared for anything—either of which could doom the United States of America. One, of course, would be the unleashing of an atomic attack on our shores by the USSR; the second would be the election of the Man from Oregon as President of the Republic. I doubted that King Solomon, in all his wisdom, could have decided which of the two would be the more catastrophic. Even I, at the time at least, was unable to make up my mind.

By the end of March, after a dozen weeks devoted to reading up on Mr. Morse, devouring his speeches as recorded in the newspapers and the *Congressional Record,* listening to him on the radio and watching him on TV, I was fully prepared—if I had to make a choice—to have Mr. K. throw that bomb. There are fates worse than death.

But had I been a member of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy —I wasn't even invited—I know I'd have been out on the hustings, pounding the pavements and ringing doorbells in behalf of the Oregonian. For one thing is clear: put Wayne Morse in the White House, and Bertrand Russell, Linus Pauling and Steve Allen will be able to go to bed o' nights with clear consciences, certain that the Reds, never ones to gild the lily, will not waste a single precious missile on us. Indeed, after just a few months of the Morse Administration, the lords of the Kremlin might even find it in their hearts to contribute to American Relief.

Fiscal Policy

I said just a few months, but if President Morse lived up to his campaign pledges he could probably destroy the American economy within a matter of weeks. I have about two dozen pages of notes on what could loosely be described as his fiscal policy, but I can, you will be happy to hear, summarize them briefly: take every economic fallacy expounded by Hubert Humphrey (you will find them listed in the penetrating analysis by John Chamberlain in the May 7 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW), figure roughly their annual cost—and then multiply by 100. Thus, where the more moderate (I almost said middle-of-the-roader) Hubert is willing to spend a conservative $50 billion a year more for grants for health, education, welfare, agriculture, relief, foreign aid and what-have-you, Wayne is prepared to spend at least $5,000 billion more. As Mr. Luce's boys would say: no penny-pincher, he.

For, in the eternal struggle between property rights and human rights—and this is the basic key to a complex character—Morse is foursquare on the side of human dignity and freedom: even if it means that those who toil and spin must give up seven of their eight hours' pay to provide food, shelter, raiment, cars, color TV sets, doctors, dentists, psychiatrists and some decent pocket-money for the lilies of the field, so that the latter may live to enjoy a ripe old age and even riper old-age pensions.

Understand that, and you will understand what at first glance may seem the Senator's inconsistencies. Thus, in 1953, he took the Senate floor during the tidelands oil debate and spoke for 22 hours and 26 minutes. Thus, early this year, blazing with indignation against the monstrous evil of the filibuster, together with Senators Douglas, Javits and Humphrey he brought up the (defeated) cloture petition on the civil rights bill. The first was an attack on property rights; the second, a defense of human rights. You obviously cannot apply the same laws to both.

On Union Funds

I cull the following three items from my notes on Morse and union labor:

1. A direct quotation from the Senator: "It is contrary to fact to

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give the impression that labor unions contribute to the campaign funds of candidates for Congress."

2. And here is Morse again (*Congressional Record,* July 8, 1959): "Any successful candidate for Congress who accepted (knowingly) so-called unfree money—that is to say, union treasury money—would be subject to having his right to seat challenged under the Corrupt Practices Act."

3. The third item is an AP dispatch from St. Louis on Feb. 24 of this year. It reveals that a federal grand jury had indicted Harold J. Gibbons, Jimmy Hoffa's right-hand man, and five other Teamsters for violation of the Taft-Hartley Act by using general union funds to support candidates in the federal elections of '56 and '58. One of the said candidates was, by a curious coincidence, Wayne Morse himself.

A less gifted player might have some difficulty in fielding that one, but not the Senator. If you will reread the first of the above items, you must realize that anybody who could knowingly utter that statement could not possibly have known he was accepting union treasury money. The Teamster officials may go to jail, but, Corrupt Practices Act or no, nobody is challenging Morse's right to his senatorial seat. Of course, had this happened to Joe McCarthy, there would at least have been a vote of censure—with Senator Morse heading the prosecution. But one must be flexible on these matters.

I offer another example of the Senator's fleet footwork. When on "Meet the Press" some scurrilous reporter made snide reference to the fact that Wayne Lyman had only recently spoken before the somewhat-tarnished Teamsters for an honorarium of $500, the Senator offered to show his purity of heart by repeating the speech then and there. Even on my non-color set, I could see the hardened newsmen pale as they hastily turned to another subject.

Foreign Policy

On foreign policy, Morse is direct and simple: we must abjure any connections whatsoever with any dictators who are pro-American and anti-Communist; conversely, we must aid in all possible ways any dictator who is anti-American and pro-Communist; and any money we lend and/or give the latter must have no strings attached to it, because otherwise we are acting like imperialists.

It was Morse who introduced the resolution in November, 1945, by which we accepted the jurisdiction of the World Court; this passed the Senate only after the famous Connally reservation, by a vote of 50-12, had been written into it. This year Humphrey introduced a proposal to repeal the Connally Amendment; on March 29, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, by the slim margin of 9-8, voted to postpone action indefinitely on Humphrey's proposal. Voting for repeal were the three Democratic candidates: Humphrey, Kennedy and Morse. (*And before you Republicans get any comfort out of that, remember that if Dick Nixon were still in the Senate and on that Committee the vote would have gone the other way.*)

The Forked Tongue

Among the Senator's many qualities, not the least is the gift of tongues. When he views injustice and corruption (and anybody who disagrees with him) he can, with no effort at all, make Harry Truman sound like a gentleman; he has damned General Douglas MacArthur, Bob Taft, Ike, Dixon-Yates, the late Senator Neuberger and Jack Kennedy in ringing phrases that make Cicero's references to Catiline seem like a glowing eulogy; fully roused, he can make even Mr. Khrushchev's Parisian pyrotechnics sound like the polite utterances of a well-mannered youngster born of the happy (and legitimate) union of Louisa May Alcott and Little Lord Fauntleroy.

But he has his gentler side, too. When he speaks of "what Wayne Morse stands for"—he usually refers to himself in the third person, for greater objectivity—you can see him quiver in fervent adoration, almost idolatry, of the dedicated public servant he is discussing. What emerges, if you can imagine it, is a combination of the humbleness of Uriah Heep and the naive ecstacy of Little Jack Horner who, having stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum, shouted, "Oh, what a good boy am I!" Kennedy and Humphrey, in their West Virginia contest, made creditable tries in the same role but they definitely require further seasoning; of Morse's TV contemporaries, only Mike Wallace and David Susskind belong in the same league.

I am not one, incidentally, to bestow such kudos lightly. If you have ever seen Mr. Wallace tremble for our civilization as the author, actor, publisher or whatnot being interviewed confesses he does some things for the money; and then watched Mr. Wallace, barely able to control himself, launch into a commercial that

tells you why the cigarette sponsoring his program is the only simon-pure cigarette in the whole world, you must realize what a gifted and able exponent of the (Wayne) Morse Code he is. Mr. Susskind, too, displays the same sturdy nobility of character and reveals even more of the stigmata of the Genuine Egghead: thus, he is congenitally unable to utter a sentence of more than six words that does not include the word "dichotomy"; and he suffers from an acute case of hemophilia of the aorta, exhibiting a constantly bleeding heart the like of which has not been seen since "Medic" departed.

He would, in short, make an excellent Secretary of State in the Morse Administration. He is certain, if I interpret him correctly, that there are four sure cures for the world's ills: the first is to give everything we have, instead of the niggardly billions we have shelved out, to help the underdeveloped areas of the world come to full bloom; the second is that we immediately recognize Red China and admit her to the United Nations; the third is that if we would only stop regarding the monstrous things Russia does as monstrous, she would

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stop regarding *us* as monstrous—and everything would be hunky-dory; and the fourth, a purely domestic policy, is that all TV programs should be turned over to David Susskind—a goal, incidentally, which he is slowly nearing.

Tinker to Evers to Chance

It was my good fortune to catch Mr. Susskind being interviewed by Mr. Wallace (and *there's* a double-feature if I ever saw one) one week-end, and rarely have so few exuded so much sweetness and light in so short a time. I had just about washed the treacle out of my hair when along came the Old Master himself in a dazzling exhibition of fielding some scorching grounders the boys of the press were batting at him. The combination of seeing these three performers almost simultaneously inspired my muse to a parody of Franklin P. Adams' famous tribute to the immortal Cub infield of Tinker and Evers and Chance:

This is the trio Jehovah assigned—
Susskind and Wallace and Morse—
To speak for the maimed and the halt and the blind:
Susskind and Wallace and Morse.
Scorning the dollar and all of its taints,
Loading the air-waves with righteous complaints—
Come, all ye sinners, and hark to the saints:
Susskind and Wallace and Morse.

Unfortunately, it wasn't only my muse that was stimulated; so was whatever the jigger is that, annoyed, begins shooting quantities of hydrochloric acid into the system and starts the stomach eating into itself. I had had one ulcer operation (known in our family as the Roosevelt Ulcer) and it began to look as though I might, under the stress and strain of absorbing the Morse toxins, have to have another.

It is very easy for you—now that the results are in—to tell me I needn't have worried. You had no such assignment as was my lot: you were out bowling and golfing and playing bridge, but I was reading and listening to and watching Morse. And the Senator is a highly persuasive fellow. He kept repeating with calm serenity that he was going into Los Angeles with 200 pledged delegates. True, he was entered in only three primaries, the District of Columbia, Maryland, and his own state, but he said he had support in all states with unpledged delegates; and would have further support, following the first ballot, from states that would begin their swing toward him. And I remembered that the freemen of Oregon had voted for him twice as a Republican, stood by him as an Independent, and re-elected him as a Democrat.

Senate Bill 1074

The District offered the first test and all the signs pointed to Morse; the pollsters said he would win; all my friends along the Potomac confirmed this in their answers to my questions. And, as a clincher, there was Senate Bill 1074.

Morse is on the Senate District Committee which, since there is no other form of government, rules over Washington. And 1074, put into the hopper by Morse as an amendment to the District Unemployment Act, would make life a little more bearable for the capital's unemployed. Thus—I am indebted to the *L.A. Times* for the figures—a man who works all year at $100 a week has a yearly take-home, allowing for withholdings and normal exemptions, of $3,987; under the Morse plan, he could work only nine months and still bring home $3,700; and if he worked only three months, he could still cart home $3,200.

Now I know a proposition like that would sweep California—indeed, looking over last year's earnings, I might vote for it myself—so don't blame me if I was certain of the outcome of the capital primaries. I saw Morse started on a triumphal round trip that would lead to Los Angeles and then back to Washington. I not only saw Susskind in the Cabinet, but I began figuring that Mike Wallace would be there, too—probably, because of his scorn for the profit motive, as Secretary of the Treasury. Dean Acheson and Henry Morgenthau never looked so good to me.

The night of May 3, as I sat in my living-room nervously twisting both radio and TV dials while awaiting news of the returns of the Washington primary, I was well fortified with jars of vitamins, aspirin, bufferin, anti-acids, tranquilizers and smelling-salts. I hadn't shaved because my wife had apparently mislaid my razor blades in her weekly clean-up, so I was slightly embarrassed when two strangers, in white uniforms, came in. My wife explained that they were new members of her PTA board and she had asked them over for a cup of coffee. Why they carried that straitjacket I'll never know, but then I don't try to keep up with all my wife's committees. My doctor, passing by, happened to drop in in time for coffee: he had apparently just operated on somebody in the neighborhood, because he was still toting some chloroform and a jar of blood plasma. Luckily he knew the men in white, so I didn't have to waste any time in social chit-chat and could stay with the dials.

As the returns began to come in, I unbelievingly kept switching knobs from station to station: but one and all carried the same blessed story. Not only was Humphrey bashing Morse's brains out, but even Adlai, unlisted on the ballot, was pulling a bigger vote. I remember the rest of that night only vaguely: I know only that I chased the PTA boys out of the house, hurling Morsian epithets and all my vitamins, tranquilizers, etc. after them; I hazily recall that we had only one bottle of Napoleon brandy left, but there were several bottles of Scotch and bourbon and, when they ran out, the doc graciously donated his chloroform; and that, since then, my ulcer is gone.

After that, I took Maryland in my stride, wagering and winning a dollar on the outcome; and even the *coup de grace* mercifully executed by the voters of Oregon on May 20 was an anti-climax. The mortal blow had been delivered on May 3—and, glory be, in the nation's capital.

I cannot promise you, as I look over the list of those still contesting for the highest office in the land, that the next Administration will give us a Washington, a Lincoln, or a Cleveland. But I do know—Republican or Democrat, Catholic or Protestant—It Might Have Been Worse. It might have been Morse. *And* Wallace. *And* Susskind.

So next May 3, if you're in the neighborhood, drop in.

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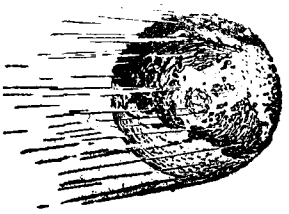

Student Riots and Blanqui's Legacy

JAMES BURNHAM

During the past two years there have been mass riots in the streets of many major cities of the non-Communist world: Caracas, Montevideo, Lima, Baghdad, Havana, Capetown, Léopoldville, Algiers, Seoul, Ankara, Tokyo, San Francisco, among others. In these, students are usually prominent. Nearly all of the riots, with the notable exception of Algiers, have been directed against political friends of the United States or policies favorable to the United States.

These riots have been remarkably successful. They played an essential role in the overthrow of no less than five governments that were firm allies of the U.S.: in Venezuela, Iraq, Cuba, South Korea and Turkey. South Korea and Turkey have been thrown into domestic turmoil.

Riots in the Latin American capitals prevented Vice President Nixon's visit from yielding positive results, marred the President's subsequent trip, and degraded U.S. prestige in the eyes of the Latin American masses. The fierce riots now sweeping through the streets of Tokyo may smash the pro-United States Kishi government, and compel both repudiation of the U.S.-Japan security treaty and cancellation of Mr. Eisenhower's scheduled visit.

Just Student Frolics?

Do the Communists have a hand in these events? When we fit them together, the political pattern emerges unmistakably. *Cui prodest?*—to whose benefit?—the old rule tells us to ask. Invariably the answer is, to the benefit of the Communists and the policies they favor. Where are the street riots against a *pro*-Communist regime or policy? Coincidences so multiple, both positive and negative, simply do not occur in politics.

But we are invariably told by our own leaders and commentators that the Communist hand is *not* present, or is negligible. The students—with fiery passion normal to youth—are protesting local dictatorships, graft, poverty or nuclear fears; are expressing their demands for free speech, free elections, cheaper tram fares or world peace. The slogans are "not Communist" but liberal and democratic. It is known, in many cases, that there are relatively few Communists around town. Doubtless these join in when the fun begins, but they are "a minor factor." Surely you don't suggest that these thousands of fine young people—girls too, mind you—and impoverished workers are *Communists?* No indeed—the real lesson is that we must never shake the bloody hand of dictators, that we are always for the furthest left-Liberal or socialist, that we must shovel out always more foreign aid.

The Crowd Potential

The Bolshevik approach to mobs, riots and "command of the streets" is rather more serious.

In his design for the revolutionary party—the conflict apparatus—Lenin, like Bakunin and Nechaev before him, incorporated the ideas of Louis Auguste Blanqui, a French revolutionist who lived from 1805-81. Blanqui first became prominent in the 1830 revolution, and devoted the rest of his life, in and out of prison, to revolutionary conspiracy. He believed that the key to successful revolt was the development of a small, secret "cadre" organization. Normally the cadres would remain underground, abstaining from political affairs. They were to be trained in the manipulation of crowds and the use of the small arms and improvised weapons accessible to crowds.

Blanqui assumed that the normal course of modern mass society would periodically bring crowds into the streets. Unguided, they would mill around to no particular purpose. The trained cadres could, however, deploy through the mass and take leadership. In the 1848 and 1870 revolutions the practical cogency of Blanqui's ideas was proved. In 1870 it was his cadres—4,000 strong—who were primarily responsible for the overthrow of the Third Empire and establishment of the Paris Commune—history's first revolutionary, proletarian, Soviet dictatorship.

Mayors, Judges and Mobs

Unguided mobs may shake but they do not overthrow regimes. They do not spontaneously produce consistent slogans and select strategic targets. The coordinated operations of these recent riots, and their high measure of success, are the product of trained Bolshevik neo-Blanquists who, once the masses take to the street, supply the guidance and slogans, point to the targets, and foment the violence.

This is true not only in Tokyo, where the Bolsheviks work through the wild *Zengakuren* hoodlums, or in Montevideo, where the Communists openly control the student clubs, but in our own San Francisco at its "earlier stage" of the revolutionary process. The police investigation proved the Communist leadership of the student mob that *took command of the center of the city,* blocking the entrances of City Hall and forcing the members of the Committee on Un-American Activities to scuttle out a back door. Americans smile incredulously, but it is the simple truth that the HUAC riots last month were not a student prank but a rehearsal for revolution.

The cadre chiefs were well pleased with their exercise. For several hours, screened by student-innocents (in the protective role of the proletarian wives that the Bolsheviks pushed to the front of the 1917 Petrograd mobs), they held control of the streets against all the power of the enemy. They compelled the local sovereign, Mayor George Christopher, to capitulate, with his order henceforth banning use of the City Hall by the congressional Committee. And they bent the courts to their will. Judge Albert A. Axelrod, with a fatuous statement about not wanting to "cause a stigma," dismissed all charges against *all* the rioters, Blanquists and dupes. They flung his sentimentality back in his face with a scornful declaration that they "still stand firmly" by their aims and actions. Would that our mayors and judges might say as much!

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Letter from the Congo

Will the Congo survive its own independence? The prospects are poor, despite seven decades of enlightened Belgian colonial rule.

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

In January 1959 serious disturbances broke out in Léopoldville, capital of the Belgian Congo. Although no Europeans were killed, there were casualties among the natives and considerable damage to property. The news shocked a world which has always considered the Belgian Congo a model colony. On January 13, 1960, the long-awaited program of the Belgian government for the Congo was published; it included the fateful and truly superfluous word "independence." The Abako Movement in the Lower Congo, primarily responsible for the January riots, was quickly supplemented by a host of rapidly multiplying parties, some radical, some moderate, some tribal, some centralizing, others autonomist. The chaos in the minds of the natives, the majority illiterate, became complete.

Is Belgium responsible for this state of affairs, or is it a part of the world-wide revolt against "colonialism" and "economic imperialism"? I presume to answer only after several weeks of crisscross travel in the Congo over an area vaster than Texas with double its population, and after talking to white settlers (*colons*), administrators, missionaries, businessmen, policemen, chieftains and politicians of the primitive as well as of the *évolué* (educated, Europeanized) type.

First of all, there can be no doubt that the Belgians have done an excellent and, in a way, even a selfless job. They came into possession of the Congo almost accidentally. The great European powers, frightened by their own competitiveness, agreed to neutralize the Congo Free State by relinquishing their claims in favor of the monarch of a neutral power, King Leopold II, who turned it over to the Belgian people in his will. In 1919 the Ruanda-Urundi area, which had been a part of German East Africa, was added to the Belgian domains by a League of Nations mandate.

The Belgians have tried for nearly seventy years to make good in the Congo. In educating the masses under enormous handicaps, in providing roads and railways, *foyers socials* (social service centers), dispensaries, hospitals, orphanages, trade schools, universities and seminaries, they have done yeoman work. They have practically eradicated sleeping sickness and yellow fever, and are fighting malaria, leprosy and a host of other tropical diseases. They have protected the natives against tyrannical chiefs and against overbearing tribes.

Self-Government Encouraged

In its pattern Belgium's basic colonial policy is British rather than French or Portuguese, with the difference that the racial barriers had already fallen before the events in Léopoldville. Today any native, *évolué* or *primitif*, can go anywhere at any time. However, friendship on an equal footing between Belgians and natives is relatively rare due to educational differences. Lower class Belgians are few in the Congo, and an educated native upper class is only just beginning to develop. The very first university students are graduating now. The Belgians—unlike the French or the Portuguese—have never tried to make real Belgians of the Congolese, perhaps because there is no Belgian nation in our European ethnic sense. This has contributed to the development of the concept of native self-government in the Congo; to the growth of a native culture rather than to "Belgianization."

Yet it is precisely this development which has drawn fire from two sides—from the Belgians who fear investment losses and demand some form of control over material goods, and from rabble-rousers among the natives. Both insist that the French pattern is superior. The French (because their means were limited) did not attempt to wipe out illiteracy at all cost; they simply selected the most intelligent individuals, sent them to France, kept them there until they became thorough converts to French culture, customs and civilization and lost all desire for a decisive break with France. This policy, by and large, succeeded. When the former French colonies became members of the *Communauté Française* they had more than a skeleton staff of colored administrators, officers, doctors, lawyers, civil engineers, etc., without whom modern life is unthinkable.

In the Belgian Congo, apart from colored priests, friars, and five bishops, there are practically no native experts or intellectual leaders. If the Belgians packed up and left tomorrow, although there are only 84,000 of them (plus 60,000 other non-natives), the Congo would collapse. And these Belgians—one-tenth of one per cent of Belgium's total population—could be easily absorbed by the motherland.

Belgian educational policy did not arise from some fiendish master-plan, but out of a piece of honest calculation—or, if you like, miscalculation. The Congo is one of the most primitive regions in Africa. It was only explored by Stanley eighty years ago. Within that short period of time the population could hardly leap magically and painlessly from its Bronze Age culture to the bastard civilization of the atomic age. Thus the Belgians planned first to develop elementary schools, then elementary school teachers, then secondary schools and, finally, universities.

As the situation stands today, a truly independent Congo wouldn't last more than a few months as a democracy. And a Congo dictatorship *à la* Guinea would drive the Belgians back to their prosperous homeland. There would be no reason to live in

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the semitropics under a native dictatorship. There is, also, another alternative—complete anarchy and the subsequent distintegration of the Congo. Such a situation might result in annexation by neighboring political powers, while some sections of the Congo would seek to preserve certain ties with Belgium. The Abako Movement dreams of a Lower Congo state, embracing the French Congo, the westernmost Belgian Congo, and Portuguese Luanda. The very rich Katanga, sick of centralist but disorderly Léopoldville, might follow a far more conservative policy. The Watusis and Bahutas, the Luluas and Balubas would simply massacre each other with that lack of inhibition so typical of central Africa. Kivu might seek a close connection with the Katanga Region. Ruanda Urundi conceivably could be gobbled up by Uganda. Against the dark specter of such disintegration, MNC (*Mouvement National Congolais*) supporters raise the standard of a strong centralism—which, in its turn, would provoke an even stronger separatism.

Little Gratitude

The political content of these native parties is discouraging. But if European democracy produced dreary, confused and hopeless parties, politicos and demagogues from Marat to Hitler, why should the post-neolithic Congo do better? The Congolese have little gratitude for the material benefits of Belgian rule. Yet the monuments are here to see: places like the Lovanium University (which has an atomic reactor), the *Collège du Saint Esprit* in Usumbura, or the School for Medical Assistants in Elizabethville. The luxury of these institutions surpasses anything we have in Europe. Nor is there any discrimination permitted on the salary and wage level. Miners in Katanga earn more than Austrian or Italian miners, and I talked to an instructor in the School for Medical Assistants who received a salary 50 per cent higher than that of a full university professor in Austria. A native bricklayer is paid the same as a Belgian bricklayer, although he lays at the very best 700 bricks a day and often only 400. The natives are far from good workers; intellectually they range, on the average, far below the Europeans.

For all his achievements, the European is unwelcome. Only old people remember the slave raids of the Arabs and their allies, and recognize the improvement. The native usually understands nothing but European money, newer and better cars, neater and nicer homes, better paid jobs, prettier women "with long hair." In a democratic and socialist age envy and jealousy are the prime political movers and a Congo demagogue, consequently, has an easy time of it. I had fascinating conversations with natives who were curiously unable to think in the abstract, to reason about causes and ends. They are born instrumentalists, pragmatists in the narrowest sense. To add to the problem, the Belgian character constitutes a handicap in race relations; the Belgians are a slow, thorough, but somewhat inhibited people with a special knack for hard work. Even the Walloons, the northernmost Mediterraneans, lack the frivolous and hearty touch of the French, who, if they really want to, can be *frère et cochon* with anybody. When the Congolese native goes to Belgium he is delighted by the general friendliness, and often claims that the Belgians send their worst people to the Congo—untrue, of course. The Belgian administrators, normally men without guile, Machiavellian shrewdness or purpose, have conscientiously attempted to improve the lot of the natives, to live up scrupulously to the stipulations of the International Congo Act. They have struggled to help the natives effect the transition from jungle dweller to modern man. Yet the fact remains that, had the Belgians not built a single school, not trained a single assistant teacher, not erected a single hospital or dispensary, not built a single road or supported a single housing project, the natives would not have minded—provided the Belgians had been affable, humorous and chummy with them. *"Ils ne sont pas vraiment gentils avec nous,"* is a constant complaint. That the Belgian taxpayer often bled himself white, that the living standards of the natives have been extraordinarily increased, that thousands of Belgians worked silently and anonymously and sacrificed life and health for the Congolese, impresses them not at all.

During the riots in Léopoldville and Stanleyville the agitators directed their venom almost entirely against the schools, *foyers socials* and dispensaries. They attacked the buildings erected for their benefit.

I do not mean to imply that the natives are totally without virtue. I could not but fall under the spell of their charm; they have numerous virtues we lack. With the proper guidance and leadership they can be very constructive; the *Force Publique* (half army, half police) is a wonderful body of soldiers, officered by Europeans who genuinely like their men and are loved by them in return. A Belgian quite rightly remarked to me that the *Force Publique* and the *Union Minière* are the two big success stories of the Congo.

It would be a serious mistake to forget that Central Africans are rarely capable of thinking in the abstract; reason has not yet replaced the effervescence of sentiment with all its unpredictable oscillations. I constantly witnessed little incidents which demonstrated this. One laughs at the sight of enraged housewives in a market tearing at a dead monkey each wanted for her kettle; but one becomes more pensive when a number of nice-looking, tattooed young men in new dark suits beg to be photographed and boast that their grandfathers are still cannibals. Even more disquieting to me was a performance by two traveling magicians in a labor camp. When it was over the natives flocked like frightened children around their European boss; he had to explain painstakingly to them that the clever tricks had nothing to do with sorcery.

Imagine the nightmare for the *évolués*, and even for the *primitifs*, if the doctors and dentists alone packed their bags! The bush and jungle can manage without the Belgians, but the cities certainly cannot, and the few politicians who call for their departure do so without conviction. They know that in "democratic" politics nothing is more successful than the fomenting of hatred against a small, rich and envied minority. Thus the art of thinking in one way and talking publicly in another has already been cultivated by the colored demagogues. It is not the Belgians who are really endangered, but the colonialized natives themselves. *The Belgians can always go back where they came from; the natives have nowhere to go.*

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from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

America Was Purposes

Take to the hills, boys, our intellectuals—and the politicians who follow in their train—have begun lamenting our lack of a National Purpose.

There is Archibald MacLeish, for example, who evidently considers that we have had a shocking let-down since the time of Thomas Jefferson's proclamation that all men are created free and equal. There is Charles F. Darlingon, an ex-employee of the State Department, who complains in the *New York Times* that we would be better off if we put "decreased emphasis on private enterprise" in favor of using "collective action" to aid the underdeveloped areas of the earth. And there is Adlai Stevenson, who decries in a recent issue of *Life* magazine our "mystique of privacy" and our tendency to worship in the "supermarket temple" to the "litany" of the singing commercial.

The fallacy in this business of crying up the "national purpose" is that it ignores the individual and federal origins of our country. It is only by stating the matter paradoxically that America can be said to have a "national purpose"—said purpose-in-paradox being to free men and women from having to submit to any single national aim. Our founders, who were fed to the teeth with the overarching mercantile "purpose" of King George III's government, wanted to create a nation in which people would be free to have their own individual, family and voluntary group purposes—many, many purposes.

The founders began with freedom and equality, but these were thought of as the birthright instruments of purpose, not purposes in themselves. Equality, to the founders, was a condition of freedom within the law to go one's own way to the limit of one's abilities, a guarantee that the individual's inalienable rights would not be trampled as he pursued happiness or a career or strove to acquire an estate. There were no leveling connotations here: Jefferson himself (who put the words "free and equal" into the Declaration) knew that legal equality would result in a widely differentiated society as different individuals pursued widely disparate goals.

When America was "purposes" as contrasted to "purpose," when it was "promises" (to use Mr. MacLeish's own word) instead of "promise," it was a great land. The millions who flocked through Ellis Island in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries were, almost invariably, fleeing Old World nations that had national purposes. The German immigrants resented the overriding purpose of Prussia, which thought of the citizen-subject as material to be compelled to national service in the army; the Poles hated the national purpose of the government of the Russian Czar. To East Europeans generally, the great thing about America was that it compelled them to no single purpose. A young Morris Hillquit, listening to many voices on the roofs of Cherry Street on New York's East Side, was free to become his own kind of socialist—a foolish idea which, in this strange, new America, proved nonetheless to be entirely compatible with making a good individualist living as a lawyer. A Samuel Gompers was free to pursue the cause of voluntary unionism: a Steinmetz was free to make good on his purpose to become a great scientist; a Jacob Schiff was free to become a banker. So it went when America was purposes, not purpose.

When America was purposes, individuals could—and did—go forth to battle for other peoples' freedom. The first Roosevelt—T.R., of Oyster Bay—subscribed to some coercive notions, but when he went forth to save the Cubans from the national purpose of Spain he did it as a volunteer colonel of the volunteer Rough Riders. When World War I came, there was nothing to keep an American poet, Alan Seeger, from putting his idealism at the service of France. And J.P. Morgan lent his money and prestige to the British, which was his right as a free man.

Why do we look back to the early part of the century with such acute nostalgia? Why do the novels of Sinclair Lewis and Willa Cather breathe a sense of purpose that is absent from the fiction of our own day? Isn't it because young people in that distant time were free from the idea that America must have a single purpose? Dodsworth was free to make motor cars; Babbitt himself was free to pursue his perhaps unesthetic vision of the City Beautiful of the Private Realtor. And Willa Cather's Thea Kronborg was free to quit a Rocky Mountain town to cultivate an operatic voice.

When America was purposes, not purpose, the young Archibald MacLeish walked out of a Boston law office to sit at the feet of Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot and learn the art of poetry. In those days MacLeish had not yet succumbed to the idea that government is divinely ordained to compel individuals to a national purpose.

If America lacks purposes now, isn't it precisely because of the growth of the idea that the individual holds both his substance and his time and talents in trust for "society" as defined by political officials? When an Adlai Stevenson, translating MacLeish's ideas into the language of party politics, speaks of the national purpose, he envisages coercing all the minorities to the purpose of a majority. Private and voluntary group purposes exist on sufferance; they are something to be indulged after the State has taken its tithes for the national purpose.

For me, I have a purpose. It is to revive the sense of America as a land of many purposes. If Mr. Stevenson wants to give steel mills to India, let him sell some of his Illinois farm land and devote the proceeds to organizing a Bombay steel company. If Mr. MacLeish doesn't like tail fins on his car, let him buy a Volkswagen. Nobody is stopping anybody, at least within the energy area that has not yet been invaded by the tax collector. So let's concentrate on having some individual and group purposes of our own. America was purposes once; it can be so again.

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Can We Survive the 'Religious Revival'?

Okay, so there *is* a religious revival going on at Harvard (and, *a fortiori*, everywhere else), but is it quite right to call it that without going on to explain what we mean by it? John McNees, a talented, if eccentric, student of philosophy at Harvard, and an expressive writer, summarizes for the Harvard *Crimson* the meaning of one aspect of last year's poll ("Ivory Tower," January 16 and 30, 1960) on the religious and political attitudes of Harvard students.

". . . the fact must be stated plainly that the overwhelming majority of Harvard students who possess 'the ability to speak the word God without reserve or embarrassment,' in President's Pusey's Baccalaureate phrase—and who profess a belief in what that word signifies—do so in a sense that is far removed from both the letter and the spirit of anything to be found in the . . . Old Testament or the . . . New. The idea of God [as held by most Harvard revivalists]—as an ineffable opaque Presence, as the principle of causality, or as, 'the Ground of Being,' and 'Being-in-Itself'—would surely have sent Abraham and Moses, Mary and the Magdalene, Saints Peter and Paul, into gales of reverent laughter; such a rarefied and remote ontological abstraction or inarticulate mood of awe would seem an uncomprehending parody of the inexhaustibly rich and concrete Personality whose love and rage and will they each had known with such shattering intimacy. If [When?] it is . . . one of the former concepts that is being generally worshipped, one ought at least to have the lucidity of speech and honesty of mind to admit that for most Harvard students, the God of their fathers is dead, regardless of What Else may now be around."

What kind of religious revival, then? The theologians remind us that it is only in theology that we find ultimately meaningful terms: because religion and only religion deals in ultimately meaningful things. But do away with religion, it is now argued, and you have not thereby eliminated final concepts, you have merely crowded them on to a closer stage. "Eternity" does not become meaningless; but every lifetime is promoted, and becomes, now, eternity. Granted the transformations are intellectually and emotionally stupefying; we have been warned. For years, philosophers and poets have played with the notion of the dying God, frankly acknowledging the dizzying consequences of His death. ". . . *old Jehovah . . . is making ready to die*," crowed Heinrich Heine. Even before, Kant had had "well and truly cast . . . (God) forth," as Schopenhauer put it; Schopenhauer, to whom "it" (all that was left of God) had been "handed down . . . as a corpse." Even so, Nietzsche took personal credit for slaying God. "It is *we* who have killed him!" he exulted: and George Orwell made the obvious observation that, religion having died, politics becomes infinitely more important: "a higher history than all history hitherto," in Nietzsche's phrase.

Radicalism has meant only one thing in three centuries whether it is called Calvinism, liberalism or socialism: it means liberty. There are however two opposed views of liberty. To the Christian, liberty means conformity with the will of God. To the radical, liberty means freedom from the will of God. That is the mission, the essence, the justification of Harvard: to free man from necessity. In the XVIII century the effort to make us free cost us the hope of Heaven, when Calvinism was disestablished to make way for liberalism. In the XIX century it cost us the southern half of the country. In our century it has cost us our moral and civil liberty. After three centuries of such sacrifices the country has not much left to offer; but, such as it is, Harvard will ask for it. This time she will ask for the nation's life.

Letter to Mr. Buckley from John Wisner, Harvard '30

'In One Sense'

"And so," speculates McNees, in his article on religious unbelief, "in one sense, a socialist lecturing to atheists on political economy is every bit as much preaching to them about the salvation of their souls—*propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem*—as a priest addressing the faithful about the Incarnation, Crucifixion, and Resurrection. [Hang on to that one sense:] The aim is not heaven, however, but utopia—and a false utopia will no more do than a tinsel paradise would have sufficed for the martyrs and the saints. To atheists, politics *is* religion; rival schemes of worldly order are, *literally*, conflicting eschatologies; and the contemporary sense of individual political impotence is as awful a burden as Luther's overwhelming sense of guilt and sin, of total depravity—'the dark night of the soul'—before he discovered hope in the unmerited gift of Divine Grace." (And in what will political man find hope? How will he recover his potency?)

". . . Only religious discourse has evolved expressions powerful enough to convey how intense political concerns have become today because the latter alone deals meaningfully [attempts to deal meaningfully?] today with what once the former alone could speak of: that is, the 'salvation' of the human 'soul.'

"We have surrendered the belief in heaven and in the resurrection of the dead—but nevertheless, no concern is to the non-believer more vital, urgent, and intimate than that with *vitam venturi saeculi*—the life of the world to come."

Question: *"If the United States should find itself in such a position that all other alternatives were closed, save a world war with the Soviet Union or surrender to the Soviet Union, which would you choose?"*

Answer at Harvard (according to the recent poll): For surrender, one-third of the student body.

Four-fifths of those who believe in the immortality of the soul voted to fight; one-half of the non-believers voted to surrender.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Imagination of Children

"Today the physical and intellectual development of most children receives full attention, while their intuitive spirit is allowed to starve—often to death." So writes Dr. Franz E. Winkler, a wise physician, in his interesting new book *Man: the Bridge between Two Worlds* (Harper, $5.00). Though we may entertain some doubts as to whether in most public schools children's intellect gets all the attention it should, surely their intuition is neglected. As Dr. Winkler continues, "Parents inclined to cherish in their children 'their own flesh and blood,' who expect . . . to achieve through them what they may themselves have failed to accomplish, may never discover their real, independent self."

Strongly influenced by the ideas of Rudolf Steiner, Dr. Winkler affirms the need for cultivating the moral imagination of the young through myth, fantasy, fairy tale. Such literature for children is given its proper role in the several American private schools that hold by Steiner's educational theories—the Waldorf School in Garden City, the Steiner schools in New York City, Phoenixville, Pennsylvania and elsewhere. For several decades, many professional educationists have neglected or positively denounced "fantasy" in the upbringing of children, since this might hinder "adjustment to real-life situations." But I think that in this debate, as in other matters, we are about to witness some restoration of old truths.

Not long ago, the Department of Elementary School Principles of the National Education Association published a pamphlet called "How to Help Your Children Learn." Doubtless to the surprise of unreconstructed NEA party liners, this booklet affirms that parents, after all, have a rightful and useful part in the instruction of their children. Help with arithmetic, spelling and composition on the initiative of parents are commended by the pamphlet's authors. It is heartening to encounter this change of attitude on the part of some educationists, and I hope that parents may be encouraged to go further still in the education of their children. One of the most important educational opportunities for parents is to read to children the great tales of myth, allegory, mystery (in the higher sense), and intuition—both traditional and modern. I suggest, for instance, that any imaginative parents ought to obtain copies of George Macdonald's fantasies for children (which immensely influenced G. K. Chesterton and C. S. Lewis), and read them to their offspring, if they wish to develop a creative intuition. Macdonald's *The Princess and the Goblins, The Princess and Curdie,* and *At the Back of the North Wind* are in print.

"The fairy tale not only offers the child an incentive to be good," Dr. Winkler writes, "but serves as his natural guide to religion. It gives food to his starved intuitive faculties, puts them into their legitimate place, and keeps them from seeking outlets in purely libidinous adventures. Such danger of perverted intuition exists; in the words of the fairy tale, somewhere within the soul lies hidden the cruel sorcerer or the evil witch, waiting to turn human longings into animal instincts and man's heart into unfeeling stone."

In great myth, the knowing child senses profound truth. Once a small friend of mine, Gracia Virgo, then aged three or four, came with her parents to visit me at Lake Mecosta. Gracia is aware that she can extract from her chum Russell, without much wheedling, all manner of things wondrous, in which she can take a fearful joy. She knows that what I tell her is in part fiction—but veiling a mysterious reality. On this occasion, Gracia found me sitting by the beach under an oak tree. "Russell," said she, without preliminaries, clapping her hand to the tree trunk, "what's in here?" Her black eyes were dancing; I knew that she expected a tall tale.

"Merlin," said I, unequivocally.

"Merlin? Really? Who's Merlin?"

Then I told her the Arthurian legend, though appending no moral or interpretation. Gracia meditated on Merlin in the oak for the rest of the afternoon. The deeper symbols—and there are several, depending on what one seeks—were not immediately apparent to her; but the tale set her intuition to work, and its influence will be felt in Gracia for years, I suspect. The old wizard imprisoned to the end of time by Vivian, or perhaps by Morgana le Fay, can be the allegory of wisdom enchained by concupiscence; or of elemental powers hidden in organic nature; or of sagacity baffled by craft. Mythical truth is not easily delimited. However that may be, Gracia's character and imagination will be the better for this chance meeting.

We ought not to thrust "reality"—that is, the seeming reality of the workaday world—and utilitarian responsibility rudely upon children. They are entitled to their realm of wonder—to be, in C. S. Lewis' phrase, "surprised by joy." If imagination is stunted in a child's formative years, the consequence may be worse, in mature years, than a stunting of the body. As the most materialistic and least intuitive of peoples, we Americans have done mischief in this matter for a great while. We need much more of Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales,* and much less of the brainless boredom of Dick-and-Jane readers.

A competent teacher, Dr. Winkler observes, ought to be aware "that the unspoiled child intuitively knows more about the meaning of life than the most brilliant intellectual. Such an awareness opens an adult's mind to the rejuvenating influence of an intuitive consciousness, and his eyes to the individual needs of his pupil." He will reconcile, then, the demands of the imagination with the necessities of the genuine intellectual disciplines.

Gradgrind's educational theories, in Dickens' *Hard Times,* ought not to be allowed to oppress twentieth-century children. Nor should we permit vacuous obsession by "worthwhile group projects" and "training in democratic classroom procedures" to usurp the claims of youthful intuition. The heart has reasons, Pascal wrote, which the reason cannot know.

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Wet Finger to the Wind

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

When Abbott Shalom Pepper founded *Trumpet,* the *Collier's*-like magazine whose demise is chronicled by Theodore H. White in his *The View From the Fortieth Floor* (Sloane, $4.95), he acted on the theory that "one man plus the truth makes a majority." Disdaining the customer survey and the audience poll, old man Pepper let his truths (his enemies called them prejudices) flow uninhibitedly into his pages. He hated trusts, railways and municipal corruption (like old Samuel S. McClure who, in *McClure's Magazine,* gave Lincoln Steffens and Ray Stannard Baker their heads). He was for the progressive income tax (bad 'cess to his crabbed but vital old soul). He loved fine foods and cats, he opposed smoking, and he demanded that all speeders be flogged. Many of his readers thought he was crazy, but they subscribed to his publications, which included, besides *Trumpet,* an old household reliable called *Gentlewoman.*

Mr. White picks up the story of Pepper's magazines as they are going downhill under the indifferent guidance of lawyers who represent heirs who are only interested in dividends. His general theme—that when institutions become "other-directed," depending on Mr. Gallup to tell them what their convictions and missions should be, they are on the way out—is perhaps the most vital theme which he could have selected for a novel. Not one of the great publishing empires in the U.S. was brought into being or sustained in prime vigor by men who had to be told what to think, or what the public wanted. George Horace Lorimer cared more for propagating the doctrine of self-reliance than he did for kowtowing to popular tastes in the old *Saturday Evening Post.* McClure was always going off on crusades, first to sell good authors like Kipling to a wide audience, then to expose rottenness in business and politics. Henry Luce, a minister's son, thought it his duty to bring synthesized information to everybody. Whatever one may think of the ideas and ideals of the old press tycoons, they were men, not eunuchs.

The trouble with Mr. White's story, as story, is that it cannot bear the weight of its general theme. For, by the time John Ridgely Warren had moved into the executive offices on the fortieth floor of the General American Publishing Co. building, the time for a Pepper-type magazine had long gone by. One gathers from Mr. White's between-the-lines intimations that he thinks Warren could have succeeded in saving *Trumpet* if he had only put it squarely behind such Liberal topics as Aid to India, or a Sane Nuclear Policy, or anti-McCarthyism, or Shoving Integration Down the Throats of South Carolinians, or Federal Aid to Education. (These would have been reforms in the old Pepper tradition.) But the truth of our times is that the masses have become cynical about the idea of being Saved by Government. The mass magazine, today, has only one really viable topic: Do It Yourself. This reaction is the eminently sane response to a situation in which the individual *has* to do it himself if he is to get along under inflation and the latter-day administration of old Abbot Shalom Pepper's progressive income tax.

So Warren couldn't have saved *Trumpet* from the dust if he had tried to revive the spirit of the magazine's founder. Being a Gallup-poll boy anyway, he did what he could to "engineer" a comeback for *Trumpet* and its sister magazine *Gentlewoman* by "buying" new circulation in the approved modern manner. He already had the *Trumpet* figures (mail subscription and newsstand) back to five million when he ran into a cash shortage which brought his directors down upon his neck. The directors had dollars in their eyes when they finally decided to kill *Trumpet*: its tax-loss carryover, when applied against the continuing profits of General American Publishing Company's textbook and radio station operations, would result in a big stock profit for everybody.

Since the day of *Trumpet,* as an Ab Pepper product, had gone by, and since John Ridgely Warren had no dreams in him anyway, the directors were entirely sensible in their decision. They might have saved the magazine as another Do-It-Yourself vehicle if they had been willing to go out for new capitalization. But this wouldn't have satisfied Mr. White's theory of what constitutes a worthwhile magazine venture.

IF ONE is content to read *The View From the Fortieth Floor* simply as an exciting tale of how the staff of a publication reacts to confirmation of the gossip that it is about to be thrown out into the street the week before Christmas, then Mr. White deserves a lot of credit for his ability to capture the nuances of sinking-ship psychology. He makes his villains unnecessarily black, his heroine (the ex-wife of John Ridgely Warren, who persuades her ex-husband to insist on severance pay for the staff) excessively white. But these are the forgivable tricks of the romancer who knows the requirements of melodrama. The story is saved from Good-Guy-Bad-Guy obviousness by the playful touches which Mr. White contributes: the vignette of the young editor who assigns himself a trip around the world and pays for his ticket by credit card when he realizes that *Trumpet* is about to fold is first-rate Beloved Rascal humor.

But to return to the idea which Mr. White *thought* he was canvassing

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when he caused his John Ridgely Warren to say of *Trumpet's* readers: "I thought I could measure out their appetites, organize my numbers, make a profit, and then be free to put my dreams into the magazines. It didn't work. I didn't listen first inside. So now I have to start all over again." If John Ridgely Warren were ever capable of developing some dreams (which, on the basis of Mr. White's characterization, is about as likely a proposition as the conversion of Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, Mr. White's old Chinese friends, to Jeffersonian decencies), he would shortly find, I think, that the *Collier's*—oops, *Trumpet*—sort of magazine is not the proper pulpit for 1960. The dreamer, today, must begin with the still, small voice—*i.e.*, the little magazine. And he must reckon with the fact that what is wrong with our contemporary society is that it was misled by the dreams of the last generation, the big dreams of the Abbott Shalom Peppers who thought everything could be solved by handing problems over to political saviors in a distant federal capital, if not, indeed, to a world organization like UN.

If Mr. White has yet to demonstrate that he has a philosophy for a day that cannot look to Progressive Politics for salvation, he has nevertheless accurately put his finger on what is wrong with practically all of our public figures, whether they are editors, politicians or what-not. The truth is that we are ruled today by a plethora of empty John Ridgely Warrens. Our "leaders" are hollow men who have mastered one trick, that of wetting the finger to find out the way the wind is blowing. Their one idea is to poll the mob, to reduce its nebulous desires to a common denominator that will guarantee a 51 per cent vote (or a circulation capable of sustaining a profitable advertising volume), and to bless the net result as a Service to the People. But the trouble with this approach is that the People themselves don't want it. They may think they want it when they are replying to a pollster's leading questions, but when it comes back to them with the political expense tag attached, they realize that they have been conned. And they react with cynicism, the gospel of the god whose All Saints' Day is April 15.

Mr. White, one hears by the grapevine, has become somewhat disillusioned about the fellow-traveling philosophy of his days as the China correspondent of the Luce publications. And *The View From the Fortieth Floor* is sufficient evidence that he is no devotee of the Social Engineer approach to salvaging publications. He is in a position to take the Next Step in the re-education of a Liberal, which will come when he learns that the Welfare State is simply Social Engineering writ large. When he makes that discovery I, for one, want to be on hand to read the book that results from it. It could really be the exciting job that Mr. White's sheer writing talent is capable of producing.

Not Angry...Just Tired

FINIS FARR

When James A. Wechsler of the *New York Post* was inspired to name his latest volume *Reflections of an Angry Middle-Aged Editor* (Random House, $3.95), he put a labored title on a weary book. It is surprising that Wechsler went to the trouble of assembling these pages, so tired and discouraged does he seem to be. If these *Reflections* contain a single fresh idea in 239 pages, it escaped my careful scrutiny.

Confronted with writing as incoherent and lifeless as this, one wishes above all to be kind. But Wechsler gives that good impulse precious little to work with. Since his book has no discernible plan, a reviewer can set up no line of consistent debate. Indeed, one can't even define terms for discussion, since mere verbalization is not definition, and verbalization is about all we get from James A. Wechsler. It will be fair enough then, I think, to reach at random into his collection of unorganized assertions, and see what we can bring to light.

***JAMES A. WECHSLER:* " . . . *when destroying heresy he feels no need for scruple in his choice of weapons.*"**

Let us take, for example, the question of national defense. To Wechsler, this must be considered in terms of an unmitigated evil called The Bomb. He quotes with approval George Kennan's remarks about the "hideous self-centeredness" of a great free nation which rests its hope for security on weapons that kill noncombatants. Wechsler likes to feel that he has not succumbed to any "military obsession," and he says that those of us who don't agree with him appear to be in a "sad and ridiculous" posture.

He displays an equally melancholy lack of insight when he tackles domestic affairs. He wants the problems of 18 million American Negroes settled immediately. There must be no delay on this, though just what he would have us do is not made clear. But Wechsler feels deeply about these matters, and his writing almost comes to life when he expresses his dislike for white Southerners. Their attitudes toward Negroes, Wechsler says, are the result of obscure and horrid sexual desires. His authority for this is Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish Socialist and United Nations job-holder. Perhaps the most charitable comment one can make is that it has been observed that the aroused Liberal will frequently accuse opponents of sexual misbehavior; as a pious Freudian, he has such matters much on his mind, and when destroying heresy he feels no need for scruple in his choice of weapons.

The charity one would like to extend to Wechsler is not bestowed by him on the late Senator Joe McCarthy. He gets to McCarthy by page 36, later devotes a chapter to him,

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and becomes somewhat animated when speaking of this "unshaven ham," "street-corner bully," and "major demagogue," who was also "essentially frivolous" though "not an unlikable man." Wechsler recalls the scene in which Attorney Joseph N. Welch tearfully defied the foul fiend, but does not add the interesting and relevant fact that Welch has since turned professional actor. Wechsler maintains, with a straight face, that the country passed through a time of "McCarthy madness," which was "a long night" in which McCarthy wrought "demoralization and disruption" on a national scale. Again one is at a loss for comment, and can only ask, why are the Liberals still yelping about McCarthy? Their shrill cries remind one of Khrushchev's yells about the U-2 flight: obviously, something has stirred these people up. But in either case, are they quite candid about what *really* troubles them?

All in all, Wechsler's book inflicts a disappointment on the reader. It does not tell us enough about the author. The jacket, it is true, reveals that from 1942 to 1944 Wechsler was Washington bureau chief for *PM*, a left-wing daily, now defunct, which was founded by Marshall Field. Wechsler next "served with the Anti-Cartel Division of the U.S. Military Government in Germany." (This has a chilling sound—and makes one think without pleasure of Wechsler's opposite number in Russia, probably now training at the Frunze Academy for the Soviet Anti-Cartel Division in the United States.) In 1946, Wechsler came to the *Post*, and here he could have started a really interesting story.

This newspaper, though dismal enough, is a fairly competent imitation of the British Labor and gutter press. Wechsler admits that the *Post* finds it necessary to run a certain amount of salacious material, and seems to resent the scarcity of such stuff in the *New York Times*. But he has very little more to say about his paper. I would like to get his account of the happenings on the eve of the 1958 elections, when Wechsler's publisher, Dorothy Schiff, suddenly reversed the editorial stand on Nelson Rockefeller. I would like to hear about the strange affair of Paul Hughes, a confidence man who apparently had no trouble convincing Joseph L. Rauh Jr., of Americans for Democratic Action, that McCarthy had planted a spy in the home economics department of the *Post*. Wechsler here passes up a chance to justify the entire Hughes episode, which must continue to stand as a disgrace to the Liberal Establishment until someone does succeed in explaining it away.

Still, though he has given us but little meat, it would not be fair to Wechsler to dwell at length on the interesting things he might have included in his book. Instead, we must try to find out what he is trying to tell us. As nearly as I can judge, he is saying that Liberal progress is now pretty much at a standstill, and that it won't get moving again until we have more government and higher taxes. And he does not say where either government or taxes should be brought to a halt. This is a country where every three minutes of the working day during the past fiscal year, another federal employee, at an annual average of $6,000, climbed on the taxpayer's back. I wish Wechsler would reflect on *that* for a few minutes. If he did, while he would still be middle-aged, he would have some reason to be angry.

Paul Hoffman Misses A Few

J. FRED RIPPY

Subsidized by the Lasker Foundation, Paul Hoffman has produced a pamphlet which is being distributed free of charge by the Committee for International Economic Growth, a pamphlet weighted down with the stupendous title: *One Hundred Countries and One and One-Quarter Billion People: How to Speed Their Economic Growth and Ours—in the 1960's*. Mr. Hoffman's product might have been more "bold and imaginative" if he had employed better informed geographers or had one of his secretaries carefully consult the most recent edition of the *World Almanac*. Though he is burning with zeal to "speed the economic growth" of *all* the "underdeveloped" nations and peoples on earth before the human migration to the planets of outer space starts, his list of these nations and peoples, under the heading of "Countries and Territories," adds up to only 100. A footnote indicates his awareness of a few others; but, even so, his vision is still far from comprehensive. For example, he does not mention Andorra, Monaco, Muscat, Oman, Kuwait, Quatar, or the seven Trucial Sheikdoms, or Iceland, Greenland, and hundreds of other islands, large and small, that dot the world's great oceans.

However, I observe in particular and with some regret that his list *does* embrace Borneo and New Guinea. For if the inhabitants of those islands are to be uplifted by his aspiring global program, the "wild man from Borneo" and the Negrito pigmy of New Guinea will no longer profit from their constant exhibition in the sideshows of our circuses where their presence is accustomed to delight the many thousands, young and old, who have paid the requisite fee. Moreover, if the primitives of Borneo and New Guinea are to receive this benevolence, why should those of Tahiti, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia and the Solomons—not to mention thousands of others—be neglected?

Anthropologists who habitually investigate primates in order to extract lessons for the improvement of more "civilized" aggregates may not regret this neglect. But they should be warned that such neglect is bound to be temporary if Mr. Hoffman and his associates are allowed free rein. In addition to Borneo and New Guinea, Mr. Hoffman's list already includes Papua, the Fiji Islands, Timor, and more than forty other dependent territories of the "reprehensible" colonizing powers; and granted the continuing futility of the protests of taxpayers *willing to help provide for national security and welfare but reluctant to submit to compulsory global charity*, the number of such territories in the list will shortly be doubled and take their place along with countries like Andorra, Monaco, San Marino, Muskat, Kuwait, and the rest.

Nor should anthropologists or anybody else fail to take note of the fact

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that the road to world government and mundane—if not universal—utopia runs through a wilderness of tiny independent countries which must have the privilege of turbulent and expensive self-determination—all for the purpose of making the apostles of self-determination happy and prosperous. Let all belts be tightened except those of the "retarded peoples," of the employees of the United States and various national governments, and of such producers of export commodities as can manage to collect profits in excess of taxes.

Mr. Hoffman and other bureaucrats, global and national, insist that ultimate political consolidation must depend upon global prosperity; in fact, demanding all or nothing, they contend that this is the only kind of "durable" prosperity available to the inhabitants of our planet, and assert that taxpayers who bear the costs of grants and jargon-concealed gifts will prosper most of all. Continually expanding exports subsidized at close to 100 per cent on which profits netting some 10 per cent are gained are certain to enrich the subsidizers. If you can't understand that, you are utterly lacking in the skills of the new "statisticulation."

Books of Interest

The Law and the Profits, by C. Northcote Parkinson (Houghton, $3.50). The redoubtable Professor Parkinson's explanation of his second law: "Expenditure rises to meet income."

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes, by Vincent Starrett (University of Chicago, $4.75). The republication of this book after 27 years will bring joy to all Baker Street regulars and "irregulars."

Lament for a Generation, by Ralph de Toledano (Farrar, $3.95). A passionate and absorbing chronicle of the author's development from the nineteen thirties to the sixties.

Golk, by Richard G. Stern (Criterion, $3.95). A first novel which is true comedy—intelligent, sharp and original.

The Hidden Russia, by Nikolai Krasnov (Holt, $4.50). The grandson of Cossack General Krasnov fulfills his grandfather's admonition to "tell the West" the truth about Soviet slave-labor camps.

Advise and Consent, by Allen Drury (Doubleday, $5.95). Now in its thirty-ninth week at the top of the best-seller list and recently the winner of the Pulitzer Prize, Allen Drury's novel of the Senate is one best-seller which richly deserves its success.

Fear of the Flesh

GARRY WILLS

In his recent book, *Bernanos, His Political Thought and Prophecy* (Sheed and Ward, $3.95), Thomas Molnar follows the great novelist through the ideologies of this century with insight and authority. I use the phrase *"through* the ideologies" because Bernanos seemed to exhaust any school of thought he encountered, to empty it of its pretensions and leave it with all its insufficiencies exposed. Molnar correctly calls him a prophet, a man come to indict the age, a man so fretted by absolutes that he could rest in none of the actual or projected institutions of his time.

Bernanos saw this century, in its political aspect, as the search for an elite. Democracy had destroyed the gradations of a hierarchical and organic society, and Socialists and Fascists both looked for a charismatic class which could shape and lead the atomized masses. Right and Left shared the Liberal premises of a social order to be achieved by a maximum "manipulability" of the masses under the leadership of an intelligentsia. By reason of this shared goal and these shared premises nascent fascism and socialism were deeply related. Mr. Molnar shows, in the history of the French intelligentsia, an ambivalent attitude to these two outgrowths of the French Revolution.

Bernanos rejected both visions of uprooted and reordered man, and appealed to the older concepts of a traditionally shaped and structured society. Convinced that Maurras shared this concept of Society, he joined Action Française and did his earliest writing for the royalist press. In time, he realized that Maurras did not share the faith in God and man which animates and gives validity to a hierarchical ordering of human beings. Bernanos came to consider Maurras the great traitor of the century because of his cynical use of religion and tradition in the name of efficiency and convenience of government.

From the time of his break with Maurras, Bernanos became a displaced person in the circles of political thought. Still a royalist, unalterably opposed to industrialism and democracy, Bernanos fought with those on the Right about the Spanish Civil War, and betrayed more sympathy with the French working classes than was acceptable to some conservatives. An ardent supporter of de Gaulle during the war, he indignantly refused the position of Minister of Education in his postwar government.

Bernanos finally gave up all alliance with practical political movements, without substituting any recommendations of his own. His last years he spent repeating that the only elite is that of the saints. He gave up the writing of novels to plead this doctrine of a saving sanctity in the context of political debate and commentary. He spoke of the sacrifice of his career as novelist in terms reminiscent of the sacrifices made by the "victim souls" of his novels—men who save society by a mystical abnegation and martyrdom.

The connection between his novels and his vast body of political criticism is traced by Mr. Molnar: in both spheres, Bernanos is a man of absolutes, a prophet bearing witness against human cant and insincerity. But there is an ultimate failure in both spheres, one which this book

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does not follow to its source. Mr. Molnar notes that evil is a living, substantial agent in the novels, and that modern society and machines seemed to Bernanos to have an infernal life of their own. No wonder he despaired of man's ever taming or using such forces by the assertion of his creative and normative position in the universe. He did not offer alternate goals or human aims in the world of politics; he did not consider prudence a real virtue with real tasks to perform. The only answer he could finally conceive to the engulfing forces of evil was the answer of martyrdom, the hope that the separate power of "sanctity" would somehow protect itself from evil's activity.

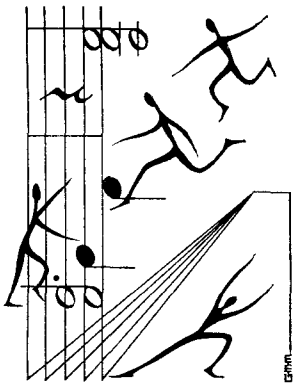
This was, of course, a surrender of the principles to which Bernanos professed allegiance. The nation, the people, the king—none of these things had real value for him. Tempted to the prophet's sin—despair—he answered this challenge with a Manichean isolation of evil and sanctity as the only realities; he ceased to believe in the created world as the raw material which man must shape in order to shape and discover himself, discerning his own destiny by the prudent disposition of other things toward their ends. In the novels, Bernanos' priests are victims in the sense that Dostoievski's Myshkin is, or any other scapegoat of society. This led Rayner Heppenstall, in an acute essay which Mr. Molnar does not consider, to say that Bernanos' priests operate on the level of magic. They are men reduced to a single function, worthless unless they suffer and die; they are men *used*. In *The Diary of a Country Priest* there is no consciousness, in the priest's journal, of the man's saying or having said Mass, of his life having any value in the sacramental offices he performs.

The sacramental principle is something Bernanos did not really believe in; and the sacramental principle, in the widest sense—the belief in the incarnation of spirit in matter—is the source of all meaningful respect for man, for society, for tradition. Bernanos, with his Manichean attitude toward the flesh, could yearn for the "fleshing" of human values in society, in institutions and nations; but the final tendency of his work—in his own life and in his art—was toward a barren renunciation not motivated by love of the world, but by fear and distaste.

Musicals

The Valiant Few

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY



A T&T is, let us face it, not exciting, but many a theatrical angel must be wishing this spring that he had socked away his spare dollars in telephone stocks rather than in that cannot-fail, dollars-will-be-coming-right-out-of-your-ears musical which was going to be the hottest thing on Broadway since *My Fair Lady*—if not *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Some shows—but not those on which the real money was to be made—were just about as sure (of success) as they could be: by the simple expedient of hiring the best. Enlist the hit-producing writing team of Lindsay and Crouse, add to it the music and lyrics of Rodgers and Hammerstein, toss in the prestigious Mary Martin and—as insurance against critical fallout—top it off with not one, but seven children, and if you haven't a certified (*Times, Herald Tribune, Time, New Yorker*) hit, still there's that comfortable $2 million plus advance box-office sale which will ensure that enough people will get around to seeing *The Sound of Music* (the play) to ensure that "The Sound of Music" (the song) gets registered in the national consciousness with, or without, benefit of payola.

But by and large, the musical hits of the season (*i.e.*, any show that survived its first month) have been sleepers. The Pulitzer Prize-winning *Fiorello*! (reviewed NR, January 16, 1960) was such a show, and so, too—although far from major league—is a late season starter, *Bye Bye Birdie*. *Bye Bye Birdie* will never win the Critics Award. But anyone who is, from mildly to madly, irritated by the Elvis Presley aberration should enjoy this light-hearted and non-sociological spoof at rock 'n' roll's Panjandrum-in-Chief.

Teen-age America is shattered. Its idol, Conrad Birdie, has been drafted (how dare the U.S. Army?), but—ecstatic sigh—before our Hero leaves, he will kiss one lucky girl good-bye. Which girl? The girl who wins the nation-wide Conrad Birdie Last Kiss Contest, and who does she turn out to be but Sweet Apple, Ohio's own 15-year-old Kim McAffee. You can take it from there. The swooning teenagers who have to get out of the way of the swooning Mayor's wife. Kim's father, who takes a dim view of it all until informed that the family will be on the Ed Sullivan show, and then mugs it up so badly he has to be forcibly removed. And four bright young comics: Chita Rivera, the *West Side Story* star who can give Gwen Verdon a run for her money in the dancing line (what she does to a Shriner dinner shouldn't even happen to the Elks); Dick Van Dyke, a TV comedian with a cool sense of timing; Kay Medford, his domineeringly-whining mother ("Don't bother, sonny, I'll take the IRT home—it's the worst.") and finally Dick Gautier (Conrad), who must have taken lessons from Elvis himself (or could it have been Jack Kennedy?) in how to keep a massive black forelock waving on high while knee-bending through the jouncy "Honestly Sincere" and "One Last Kiss."

Take Me Along didn't open with quite the four star rating of *The Sound of Music*, but as an adaption of Eugene O'Neill's *Ah Wilderness!*, and starring Jackie Gleason, Walter Pidgeon, Una Merkel and that extraordinarily funny young man, Robert Morse, the odds—if you can quote odds at all in a season which saw 49 out of 62 shows flop—were on its survival. As one who would rather leave, than take, Jackie Gleason any day in the week, his presence was a deterrent to me rather than an attraction, but it must be said that he is consummately well cast in the role of the odious Sid. His slick song-and-dance technique, however, made a poor showing against Robert Morse's performance as the alternately love-sick and intellectually-liberated turn-of-the-century youth. To see Morse sing "I Could Die" (one looks at rather than listens to him), or watch

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him drown his romantic sorrows at the local roadhouse which Centreville's 1905 jet set considers "the passion palace of Connecticut" is worth the price of admission. Add to it a toe-tapping score and polished, if not exciting, performances by Mr. Pidgeon and Miss Merkel, and you can see why *Take Me Along* has this year's longevity record.

In many respects the best—and in some the worst—musical of the year is *The Sound of Music.* Its opening scenes are bell-ringers: Mary Martin singing "The Sound of Music" in the arms of a huge oak tree in the Austrian Alps; Mary Martin as the demure but frivolous postulant rebuked by a quartet of nuns in the enchanting "Maria"; Mary Martin, a shy nursery governess winning the affection of a septet of youngsters with the song "Do, Re, Mi"—this is Rodgers and Hammerstein and Mary Martin at their best. The smash opening betokens a big musical evening which never, unfortunately, develops.

A good pastry cook knows the best cakes and pies are those with a pinch of salt. And this—the salty tang—is what is missing in *The Sound of Music.* Instead of building the story around the tensions inherent in the Count and the poor girl situation, the authors abruptly shift their tone. They drop their rapier and pick up a bludgeon. Suddenly we have Nazi stormtroopers, war clouds, the Anschluss. (That the Trapp family did, in fact, have to flee the Nazis is historically accurate; it has no place in this particular play.) The brusque intrusion of politics in the markedly inferior second act jolts the piece out of the carefully established first act mood without cutting the saccharine, which needed to be done. *The Sound of Music,* as a friend commented, should be forbidden all diabetics.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SIX TALES OF THE JAZZ AGE AND OTHER STORIES, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner's, $2.95). Slight, slick, sentimental, and occasionally acute, these nine stories—six from *Tales of the Jazz Age,* three from *All the Sad Young Men*—were written for such magazines as *Collier's* and *Cosmopolitan* between 1920 and 1924, when Fitzgerald was in his mid-twenties. Although none is a memorable story, a few are brushed with Fitzgerald's singular sense of what it is like to be young and upper-middle-class in a small American city, a social experience almost universally misapprehended in fiction; and a few others are touched with that unmistakable sense of the epic that would eventually make Fitzgerald's Meyer Wolfsheim ("He's the man who fixed the World Series back in 1919," Gatsby tells Nick Carraway) seem peculiarly more probable than Arnold Rothstein himself. But despite Fitzgerald's steady perceptions, these are careless stories: none is well-remembered because none is really good.

What is most interesting about them, in the end, is that they are the by-product of the same years that brought such solid stories as "The Rich Boy" and "Winter Dreams"—as well as *The Great Gatsby,* perhaps the best thing written in America so far this century. Immensely facile and uneven, Fitzgerald was making $20,000-$25,000 a year during those years, writing, according to the introduction to this collection, "half a dozen or more short stories, at least half a novel, a movie scenario or two, four or five articles, several book reviews, and possibly part of a play." As his daughter, Frances Fitzgerald Lanahan, writes, "I've often wondered how there was a moment left for splashing in the Plaza fountain." J. DIDION

THE RELUCTANT SATELLITES, by Leslie B. Bain (Macmillan, $3.95). This is an informative but irritating book, by a reporter who insists on seeing things for himself. With diligence and courage, Bain has produced a detailed eye-witness account of what is going on in Communist-held Europe, and of the many specific episodes which formed the Hungarian revolution. Most informative is his description of the statist economy in action—in which he makes clear that the Communist system itself, and not "Stalinism," is responsible for the brutality of life behind the Iron Curtain. Most irritating is his nonetheless doctrinaire hatred for anyone to the right of Imre Nagy—a hatred made conspicuous by his bitter denunciation of alleged "fascists" (in which category he explicitly places clergy, landlords, industrialists, bankers, and "former gentry") who sought to participate in the Hungarian revolt. In Bain's view, apparently, an uprising against Communism is praiseworthy only if conducted by Communists. M. S. EVANS

OPERATION ELVIS, by Alan Levy (Holt, $2.95). In its own small way, this book is a burnt candle to the memory of Martin Ritchie, the 14-year-old whose agonizing odyssey ended on a Chicago lamppost: he was electrocuted trying to hang Elvis Presley in effigy. More generally, however, Mr. Levy has stitched together, in the crisply ventilated style of a dinner-jacket men's magazine, the absorbing story of what happened when the Perambulating Pelvis met the American Army. Ably aided by newspaper flashbacks and the inspired spoofery of Dedini's cartoons, Levy recalls the Presley Pageant—from the beginning, when a sideburned libidinous twitch came down from the Tennessee hills to accept teen-age America's plaudits and pennies; to the female funeral processions following his Army induction; and finally, the heavy stone of public relations dismay whose ripples washed from Washington to Germany. The book has an appropriately appalling footnote: by drafting Elvis, the U.S. goverment sacrificed a cool $1 million in income taxes.

J. LEONARD

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To the Editor

Census Comment

William F. Rickenbacker's exposition of the ways of the Census Bureau ["The Fourth House," May 21] brings to mind an historical precedent and its disastrous consequences. I am referring to the census taken by King David in the last years of his reign. The biblical account of this incident [2nd Sam. 24] runs as follows:

> And again the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah. For the king said to Joab the captain of the host, which was with him, Go now through all the tribes of Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, and number ye the people, that I may know the number of the people. And Joab said to the king, Now the Lord thy God add unto the people, how many soever they be, an hundredfold, and that the eyes of my lord the king may see it: but why doth my lord the king delight in this thing? Notwithstanding the king's word prevailed against Joab . . .
>
> And David's heart smote him after that he had numbered the people. And David said unto the Lord, I have sinned greatly in that I have done: and now I beseech thee, O Lord, take away the iniquity of thy servant, for I have done very foolishly.

After the king had confessed his act of governmental arrogance as a sin against God, he was offered a choice among three punishments: famine, military defeat, or pestilence. He chose that punishment that would not let him "fall into the hand of man," and so ". . . the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel from the morning even unto the time appointed: and there died of the people from Dan even to Beersheba seventy thousand men."

Our punishment, I am afraid, will be of a nature that lets us "fall into the hand of man," namely, the bureaucratic host in Washington. Lord, have mercy on us!

Notre Dame, Ind. GERHART NIEMEYER

I can sympathize with Mr. Rickenbacker's annoyance at census snooping. However, I doubt that he is correct in calling the questionnaire unconstitutional and illegal. He himself cites authorizing statutes duly enacted by Congress. Moreover, all constitutional authorities recognize that the government possesses a general "inquisitorial power" that may be exercised within proper safeguards; and these the 1960 census procedure provides. This basic power is expressed, also, in congressional investigations, about which the Constitution has not a word to say, and which are annoying to many citizens. Surely Mr. Rickenbacker does not want to defend a doctrine that would, by implication, destroy the power of Congress to conduct inquiries.

Circle Nine, Pa. ARNAUT DANIEL

While not one of those so fortunate as to receive the blue form, I was mightily tempted to state on the plain pulp form that we share our kitchen with another household (the neighbors, on occasion), and also the bathroom (the neighbor's kids, regularly), and that we do not have running water in the house ("running" refers to the uninterrupted flow of water; we have faucets). . . .

Goldwater for President—Rickenbacker for Vice President!

Mundelein, Ill. BRIAN J. MONAHAN

The Admiral's Reason

Why have you not commented on the revelation that Admiral Lewis Strauss, whom you have so adamantly supported, contributed money to the campaign for renomination by Senator Clifford Case? Does he have no confidence in Robert Morris? What can be the explanation?

Passaic, N. J. ROLLIN HADLEY

Admiral Strauss' contribution to Senator Case was an act of loyalty to a Senator who stood by him during the debate on his nomination for Secretary of Commerce. Admiral Strauss thinks highly of Robert Morris and shares the principles he believes in.

—ED.

Goldwater for (Vice?) President

This world is becoming more bizarre by the minute. Unfortunately, in supporting Senator Barry Goldwater for Vice President, some conservatives are contributing more to this general condition than Eleanor and Adlai.

Apparently these conservatives

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think so little of Senator Goldwater and the principles for which he stands that they are willing to concede first place to that breed of Liberalism known as "progressive conservatism." If this is the case, they ought to shed their collective inferiority complex, and shoot for the number one position.

But, perhaps due to their lack of effort and confidence, conservatism will continue to be first in NATIONAL REVIEW, first in the hearts of most Republicans, but last at every convention.

Sheboygan, Wis. PETER WHEELER REISS

. . . this subscriber derives real satisfaction from hearing of the efforts of many young persons to secure for Senator Goldwater the Republican Vice Presidential nomination.

When thinking college youth will enthusiastically support a staunch opponent of irresponsible federal spending, intrusion upon states' rights, and centralized bureaucratic government, and an implacable foe of international Communism, what shall be said for the oft-voiced assertion that conservatism is a political philosophy of and for the "Old Order"?

Glendale, N. Y. JAMES H. MCHUGH

Khrushchev in Paris

Khrushchev's antics in Paris appear quite rational when viewed in the light of his objective—to influence the forthcoming American Presidential elections in favor of the Democratic candidate. . . .

In effect, Khrushchev is making one big point—if the U.S. wants peace, it must elect a Democratic Administration. He cannot do business with Nixon—a "goat among cabbages." He tells us the kind of President he would like to deal with, someone like President Roosevelt. He calls for a Summit in six to eight months, *after* our elections. It is amusing to note that the very day after Khrushchev's press conference, Adlai Stevenson rose to the bait with his statement that successful negotiations with the Russians will be impossible as long as the Republicans are in power.

No, there is nothing mysterious about Khrushchev's melodramatic performance in Paris. It merely marks his rather clumsy debut into American politics.

CATHERINE B. WILLIS

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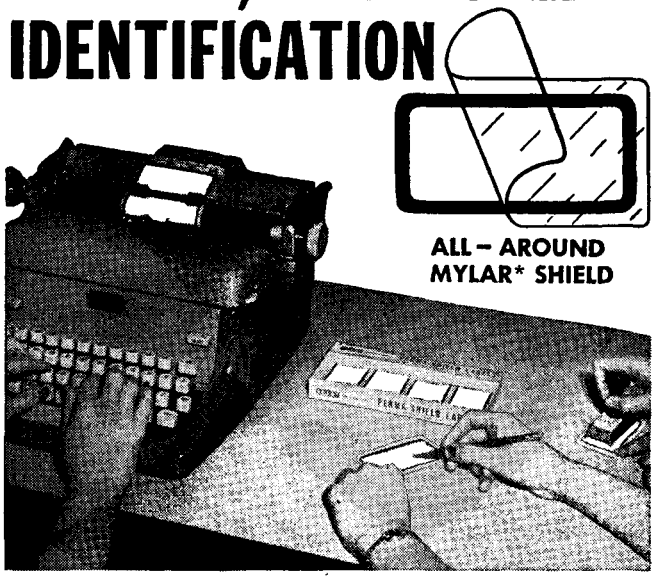

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On Campus at Purdue

It is with admirable intent that Mr. Russell Kirk continues his tirade against federal spending for school construction; however, in his article entitled "What Classroom Shortage?" [May 21], he seems to throw statistics around quite profusely whenever they so much as look as if they support his view. . . .

[He says] that at Purdue expensive dormitories built last year are standing empty. Partly true, but:

1. They are not dormitories but motel-like units erected with central dining units as inexpensive but excellent student living quarters.

2. They have been at least partially filled by students who normally live in a fraternity house, but are now awaiting the completion of a remodeling job on the house.

3. They were built in 1957, not last year, and were occupied during 1958 and 1959 as well as part of 1957.

4. They are an extremely small portion of the over-all Purdue student housing facilities.

The only other empty dorm on the campus is a portion of the "old" men's quadrangle which is closed for repairs. There are a few other facts Mr. Kirk forgot. One is that a large portion of Purdue male students live off campus even now. But this is not as important as two other points.

The first is that Purdue University is a Land Grant institution in Indiana where no federal aid to education is accepted. The second point is that not even state tax money has been used for any building on the campus which was not built specifically for instruction. Purdue University dormitories are bonded through such organizations as the Purdue Research Foundation, and are entirely self-supporting. Even the Chemistry building, which is expressly for instruction and research, was partially financed by P.R.F. funds. It might also be men-

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tioned that P.R.F. "fellowships" have all been declared taxable according to state and federal laws, and only a few graduate students, such as the National Science Foundation fellows, are granted tax exemption under the Internal Revenue Code.

It is too bad that Mr. Kirk's overzealousness has led him into an attack against one of the most formidable bulwarks of the policies he advocates.

W. Lafayette, Ind. DONALD K. ATWOOD

Well Said, Mr. Chamberlain

The profile by John Chamberlain of Senator Humphrey [May 7] has passages of rhetoricized analysis against the welfare state finer than any I have anywhere seen. Such words as his will do more, I venture to say, to hasten the day when the nation will repudiate the barrenness of Liberalism, than a hundred years of statistical work. Irving Babbitt suggested that, with his remark about being on the side of the angels, Disraeli did more in a phrase than Bishop Wilberforce had done in ten years to check the presumptions of Huxley's naturalism.

Industry, Texas JOHN D. MASTERS

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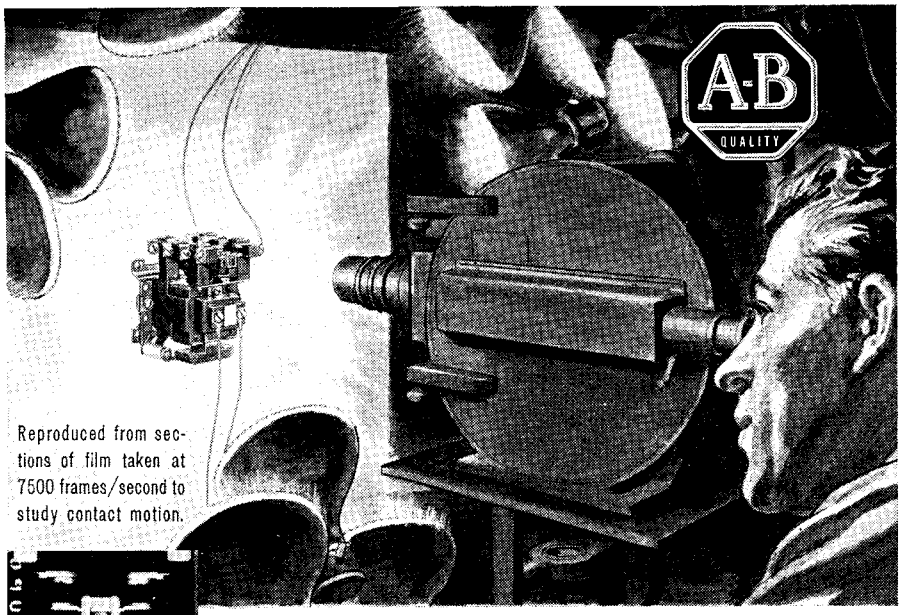
This is spring. Spring means one thing to America! Baseball! But you . . . you let the following pass:

Herald Tribune, Paris Edition, 30 April. . . . The article: "Boston manager Billy Jurges, 'shocked' by reports of dissension in the club, called a meeting of his players this week to clear the air. 'I called the players together,' Jurges said, 'and asked them to state their gripes. Nobody did. I feel that is the only way to get this thing straightened out.'"

Let's hear no more of Summit conferences in Paris! The virus, like others, begins in Boston.

P. S. On second thought, don't cancel my subscription until it runs out.

Madrid, Spain PETER CRUMPET



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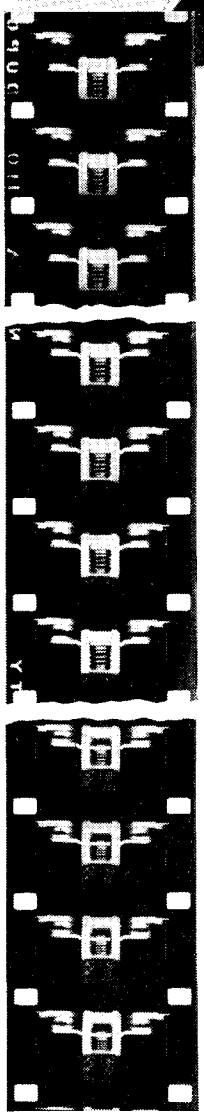

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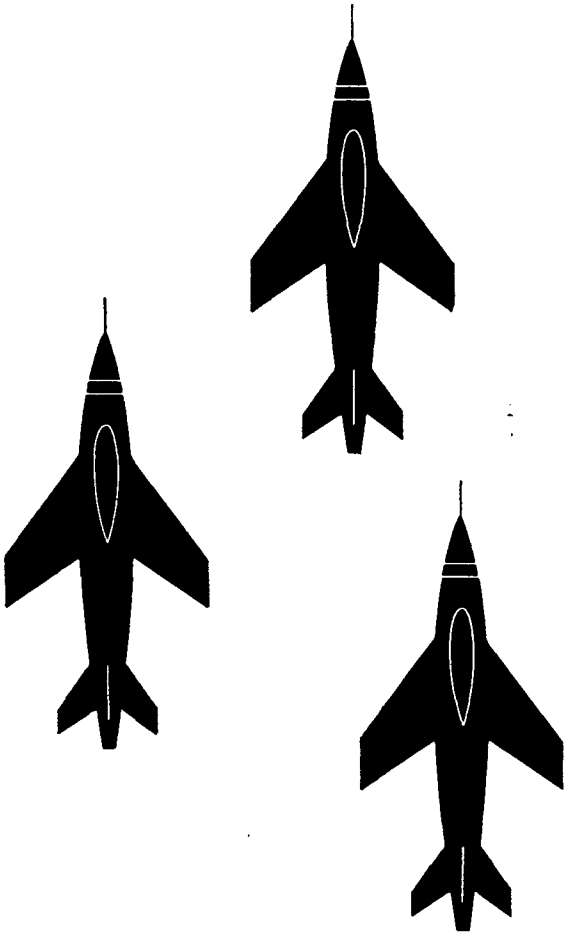

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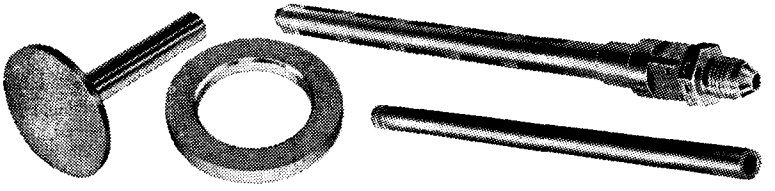

plus our research and development facilities, are available to help you translate your ideas into products that will provide utmost reliability combined with long service. Write KENNAMETAL INC., Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

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INDUSTRY AND KENNAMETAL ...Partners in Progress

Note: With temperature requirements soaring, components of aeronautic and space vehicles must make use of the refractory metals—those with the highest melting points. These metals and their respective carbides are part of the Kennametal heritage.

	Melting Points	
	Metal	Carbides
Tungsten....	6098°F	5198°F
Tantalum....	5425°F	7016°F
Titanium....	3272°F	5684°F
Niobium.....	4379°F	7052°F

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